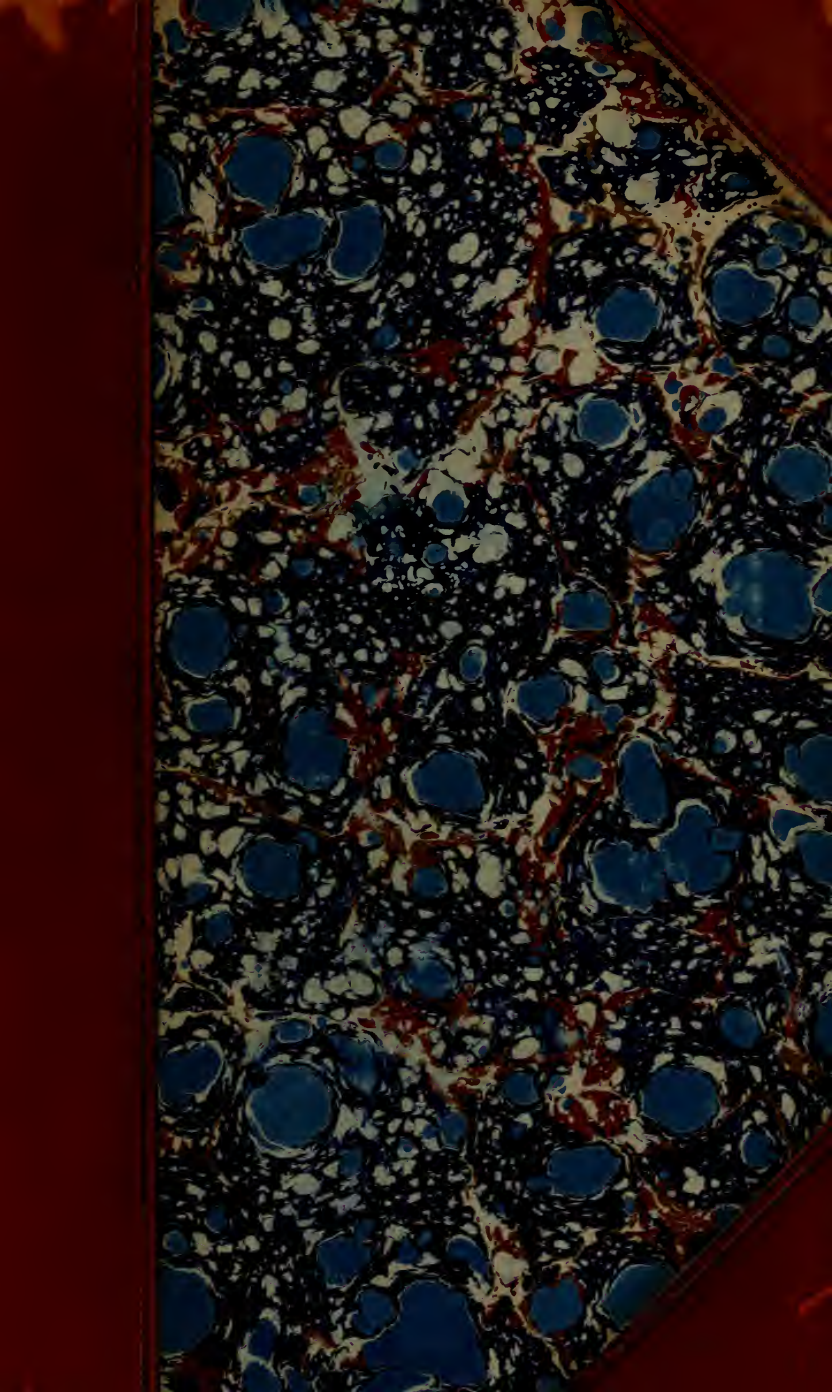

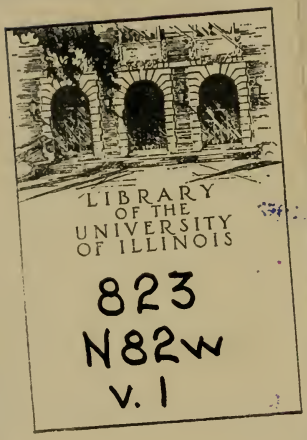
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by
Caroline Norton

THE WIFE

AND

WOMAN'S REWARD.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY E. LOWE, PLAYHOUSE YARD, BLACKFRIARS.

THE WIFE

AND

WOMAN'S REWARD

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1835.

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WOMAN'S REWARD.

CHAPTER I.

Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt.

MILTON.

"FATHER, this is one of the most lovely days we have had since we came to Madeira. Don't you think if you came to the window for a little while, it would do you good? there is an English ship coming into the bay, and every thing smells so sweet, and looks so bright! Do let me wheel the sofa nearer."

The dying merchant turned his head languidly towards his daughter, and a short hollow cough preceded the attempt to speak. "I have been wishing to move for some time," said he, "but I feel so weak, that I dread the smallest exertion; and the stir and sunshine almost fatigue me while I gaze upon them. I love the silence of this little shaded room, and your tranquil and watchful face, better than any other sound or sight."

Mary Dupré bent and kissed her father's brow, shut the reading-desk with a gentle and noiseless hand, and slowly advanced the sick man's couch towards the window. The blinds were drawn aside, and the evening breeze waved to and fro the long tendrils of jasmine and passion-flower which hung round the casement. Far beneath lay the glancing white houses of the town, and the bay studded with fishing boats; with the dimly seen Desertas

in the distance; on the right-hand rose the Loo Rock, and near it the English ship, with all its swelling canvas spread, came proudly and gallantly on, a welcome visitor to the little island where so many sick exiles pined for news of home.

"Bring me the telescope, my child," said the sick man, after he had gazed long and earnestly at the scene before him.

Mary Dupré obeyed, and watched the expression of her father's face; but no pleasure or eagerness was reflected there.

Wearied, sad, and heavy, his glances were soon withdrawn; and while apparently watching the glittering lizards which played on the sunshiny wall opposite the window, his dreaming thoughts went back to his country, and returned again to his sick-room in a foreign clime; and to the vessel, whose captain's boat was even now struggling to the shore, bear-

ing perhaps—friends, whose familiar faces he might not live to see—letters, addressed to him, which he might not live to read.

The gentle girl, who stood by him, kept silence, even from comforting words. "The physicians desired my father should not be agitated in any way," was a constant check upon her; and, tenderly and devotedly as she loved that father, no emotion was ever visible in her countenance; indeed, except that the subdued and utter stillness of her manner seemed unnatural in one so young, a stranger might have deemed her cold and ungrieving.

The silence had remained unbroken for some minutes, when the door of the room was opened with a suddenness which made the sick man start, and a beautiful boy bounded forward, exclaiming, as he hastily kissed Mr. Dupré's hand, "Well, father, how are you to-day? I have been down all the morning

watching that vessel come in; isn't she beautiful? We shall have news from England."

"Hush, Lionel," murmured his sister; "you do not recollect that this is to be a quiet room; and your cap is damp with the sea-spray—give it me."

"There, take it," said the boy impatiently, and, as he spoke, he flung it over the sofa towards his sister; in its passage, it struck a small table on which a glass vase had been placed, containing some of the heavy perfumed blossoms of the datura. The vase fell, shattered into fragments.

"Lionel!" said the invalid, in a faint and chiding tone.

Tears of vexation rose to the offender's eyes. "Well, father, I beg your pardon—I beg you ten thousand pardons; I am sure I am as fond of you, and as sorry to disturb you, as Mary, though she does creep round the room like a

mouse, and I can't. You are not displeased, father;" and he threw his arms fondly round the sick man's neck.

"No, no, my child," murmured the unhappy man, as the crimson hectic deepened in his cheeks; "but I am weaker than usual to-night."

And weaker still the vainly-exiled patient became, day by day and night by night. His daughter never left him, but quietly followed his directions to copy out papers and write letters, and make preparation for the day when she and her brother should be alone in the world. At fifteen, the early instinct of a tender heart had taught Mary Dupré to act and think like one to whom years had brought experience. Accustomed from her earliest infancy to be a witness of suffering she could not relieve, and having already attended the death-bed of her mother, after a

painful and lingering illness; the buoyancy of heart which is, in a great measure, the cause of the thoughtlessness of youth, formed no part of her character; gentle and cheerful she was, but the mood expressed by the common term, "to be in high spirits," was to her a mystery.

Far different was the disposition of her brother Lionel, who had been the spoiled plaything of the whole household from the day when he toddled into his father's study, proud of the new black sash and sleeve-knots with which his weeping sister had decorated him the day of his poor mother's funeral. Uncontrolled and uncontrollable, gifted with the most supernatural beauty, and long accustomed to be so great an object of affection that he brooked no sharers in the interest he inspired, Lionel, to strangers, was only a spoiled child and a lovely picture; but, to his father,

he was the legacy of a dying mother—the image of that lost and beautiful mother's face. The house was crowded with sketches and paintings of this only son; every attitude was made a study, and every artist was invited to make one more imitation of nature's rarest work, and immortalize by his pencil the stately and graceful figure, long auburn curls, and wild black eyes, of Master Lionel Dupré. The Duke of W——'s irregular and easily caricatured profile was not more familiar to the gazers into print-shops than the drawings of the obscure merchant's child; and innumerable were the ingenious attempts made by the various artists, whose pencils had been employed in the service, to create an appearance of novelty in *their* study of this hacknied subject. There was "Learning to read," a little rebellious figure, with a pale and gentle girl pointing to a book;

then there was "The Bower," where a most astonishing gleam of sunshine produced effects such as no sunbeam had ever produced before on the face of the original, and seemed to peep through the leaves for that purpose only; next came "The Faithful Guardian," representing a very large Newfoundland dog, and Master Lionel asleep on a bank by a stream of water. After that (which was a great favourite in the family), a gentleman, who generally painted battles, sieges, &c., made a hasty sketch of Master Lionel, with a sword and tin shield, and christened it "The Little Hero;" but were we to attempt to make a list of these anonymous drawings, the task would be too long; suffice it to say, that the last attempt, made by an English artist on his way out to India, had given such general satisfaction, that it was resolved to allow it to be a sufficiently favourable representa-

tion to bear the name of the original, and it was accordingly engraved, and sold in all the print-shops in distant London, under the title of "Master Lionel Dupré and his Favourite Pony." Many a mother fancied she found in it some resemblance to her favourite child; many a father, who sighed for an heir to his estates, thought within himself, as he laid the engraving with apparent carelessness on Colnaghi's counter, "*that* is the sort of boy I should like to call my own;" and many a widow, whose tribe of struggling sons were scattered over the world, gave to that bold and beautiful countenance the name of her "little sailor," or "soldier," and wiped away the tears that dimmed her view and dropped on her shabby mourning, regretting that she was too poor to purchase the print.

Lionel Dupré's was indeed the very ideal and perfection of beauty, and the headstrong

passion which led him into every species of scrape, was all set down to the score of talent by his doating father, as were his bursts of vehement fondness or jealousy to the sensitiveness of his disposition.

The ladies of the colony seemed to be in a conspiracy who should flatter him most; and if any thing could have added to the interest with which he inspired them, it would have been the fact of his having, what they were pleased to term, a "passion" at twelve years of age.

The object of his attachment was Annie Morrison, a wine-merchant's daughter, a fair-haired, frolicsome little thing, who used to open her wide blue eyes in astonishment when her boy-lover threatened to take her out in a boat and drown her if she lent *his* books to any one else; and whose chief pleasure consisted in attempting to rear English flowers in her

Madeira garden, and cultivating a solitary currant-bush for the sole and entire enjoyment of Master Lionel Dupré. She was the best possible specimen, in miniature, of woman's devotion, and bore all the tyranny of her wayward suitor patiently, in consideration of the triumph of being acknowledged throughout the island as "Lionel's favourite."

A great deal has been said and written about precocity of preference; attempts have been ingeniously made to prove that Byron, Petrarch, and such like, were the only men who thought of loving their little female playfellows; and, like all the supposed peculiarities of genius, the point has been argued with much obstinacy and enthusiasm. What good quality of the heart, or imagination, the friendly biographers of these individuals might consider attendant on this turn

for early attachments, we know not; Petrarch turned out a dreamer, and Byron one of the most selfish sensualists who ever pretended to deep feeling; but, certainly, the point has been argued from false premises.

Men of genius are *not* the only men who can recal to memory some fancy of their childish days; on the contrary, all little boys love all little girls; and I never yet had an opportunity of visiting any family in which a couple of small rosy companions were not pointed out to me as the prettiest little pair of lovers in the world, although neither might hereafter attain to the honour of having their attachment immortalized in two volumes of memoirs.

But the wild and violent temper which Lionel occasionally showed, even towards his "favourite," *was* a peculiarity, which caused many, older and wiser, to shake their heads,

and murmur prophecies for the future, which would greatly have surprised his father could he have been made aware that such was the impression created by his adored son. Once only, a reproof was attempted, in the earlier part of Mr. Dupré's illness, before the physicians' order not to allow any thing to agitate him had been impressed on his daughter's mind; and richly deserved would a much stronger reproof have been.

The wine-merchant's little girl had for once preferred the company of a cousin to that of the tyrant of her fancy, and had refused to accompany him from the house to their usual haunt on the terrace, where they were accustomed to sit, hand-in-hand, watching the green lizards, and playing with a pet chameleon which had been Mary Dupré's gift to the "lovers." Lionel stamped, threatened, and intreated, but in vain: the cousins had

unfortunately received a beautiful volume of Chinese costumes, and the attraction of looking at them was irresistible.

"Annie, do you choose to go with me?" said the boy, as he set his teeth and turned pale with passion.

"No, I don't choose to-day," answered the little girl, shaking her long fair curls, without lifting her head from the book.

"I *wish* you to come—so come," continued he, and, as he spoke, he grasped her arm as if to raise her from the mat where she was sitting. The arm was disengaged, the little white shoulders shrugged in token of utter disapprobation of the measure proposed, and Annie Morrison looked up with a merry laugh, and asserted her determination to finish the costumes, and *then* she would come out, and play with her lover and his chameleon.

"No!" said Lionel, as he stamped pas-

sionately on the ground; "no, I will never play again with *you!*"

He turned, and left the room, shutting the door with a violence which shook all the casements; then, rushing to the little garden, he tore every thing up by the roots, broke the currant-bush into fragments, and, his rage increasing with the excitement of the work of devastation he was committing, he finally took a heavy stone, which had been part of a broken roller, and, lifting it with all his strength, he dashed it down where the poor little chameleon was lying, darting out its tongue to entrap the insects that sported in the sunshine, and crushed it to death.

A sick chill crept over the young destroyer's heart as he stood for a moment after this last stroke of vengeance; but neither the tears of Annie Morrison, who came running breathlessly towards him, nor her touching

expression, "the currant-bush I planted on purpose for *you*," nor even the plaintive emphasis with which she pronounced the words, "our poor *live* chameleon," could melt him sufficiently to make him own he was in the wrong. He heeded not the gardener's speech, "That boy has a bad heart," but leaped the low stone wall, with the hedge of lately planted prickly pears, and struggled up the hill towards his own home. There, choking with passion and self-reproach, he flung himself down in a corner, and allowed Mary and Mr. Dupré to glean from his broken exclamations and sobs, the events of the morning.

To his father's words Lionel had never yet listened and refused to obey; and when that feeble and affectionate voice had laid before him, in a few anxious sentences, the probable consequences of such ungovernable transports of anger, if habitually indulged in, the re-

morseful boy knelt, and kissing the thin hand extended towards him, wept and poured forth resolutions for the future and repentance for the past, which more than satisfied the partial parent's heart.

Nor did Lionel hesitate in his compliance with the request made by his grieved sister, that he should seek Annie Morrison and express his regret for what had occurred.

With a slow step and a down-cast eye, he retraced his path down the hill, and paused at the entrance to the garden. Annie was standing by the gardener, who was cutting slips off the broken currant-bush. Her eyes, which were red with weeping, were fixed on the branch in his hand, and she was murmuring a confused sentence respecting the difference of doing a thing out of *real* unkindness and "only in a passion."

But the gardener was apparently a man of stubborn principles; he persisted that it was such fits of passion as that in which the currant-tree had been destroyed, which made men murderers; and repeated his opinion that Lionel had a bad heart.

Annie looked at the dead chameleon, and at the plants which strewed the earth, and sighed.

"I hope, Daniel," said young Dupré, as he held out his hand to his accuser, "that you will live to have a better opinion of me; I will come here every day and work hard with you till the garden is set to rights again; and—and my father is so kind as to promise us another chameleon."

The last words were pronounced in a hesitating voice, and Annie eagerly replied to them,—

"Oh, no; it will not be the same that we

have played with these two years; and it will always remind us of the one you—the one we lost."

The chameleon was buried, the currant slips planted, and Annie and Lionel played together as formerly; but scenes of violence were of frequent occurrence, and while they shocked and vexed the gentle Mary, they had little effect on the sick man.

Mr. Dupré was one of those dangerous theorists who hold that vehemence of passion proves strength of feeling; that people of warm tempers have necessarily warm affections; and that a boy's spirit should not be broken. He never considered that a burst of passion is neither more nor less than a burst of selfishness, and that the individual who does more injury in one hour of anger than he could undo perhaps in years of willing toil, is likely to make his friends wish that

his feelings had only the usual and average strength of their own, and that his spirit had been early curbed by his reason.

Another feeling equally common, mingled perhaps with the motives which made the merchant so loth to condemn his son:—he was conscious that rebellious and passionate as Lionel proved to strangers, in his own home he was easily swayed; a word from Mary rarely failed to persuade him, and a reproof from his father was received with a meekness and humility which no one who knew him slightly would have believed.

Nothing is so flattering to the human heart as the consciousness that we can exercise influence over those who own no other allegiance; that a broken sentence from our lips can melt the soul that was stubborn to other petitioners; that the mere conjecture what our opinion may be, will weigh with one who

habitually scorns advice or control. In such a case we are but too apt to say and think with Mr. Dupré,—"you can't drive, but you may lead him; and if the attempt answers so ill, it is that you do not know how to manage him."

Almost the last words the dying merchant spoke, were addressed to his pale and motionless daughter Mary, and were in substance as follow:—"With respect to my poor boy, I have little fear that he will turn out a good and useful member of society; but to realize that hope, I am aware that some one must be with him who can control him in his wilder moods, and who can govern him through the medium of his affections,—for it is through the heart,—the *heart*, my dear Mary, that Lionel must be swayed. You, who have seen him grow up, whose feelings are less acute, whose passions are more easily controlled,—

you, my poor Mary, young as you are, must play a mother's part by him. You are sixteen, he is but twelve: a woman is always older for her age than a man; therefore it is as if you were many years his senior. Promise me never to forsake him—to prefer him to other ties, if they should be incompatible with the love and protection I depend on your shewing him. He will be rich; he will be beautiful;—promise me, my child, to guard and watch him in his hours of temptation;—you may save him from heavy sins, from glaring imprudence; you may be to him all that I—that your sainted mother would have been; and if, in the unseen future, something should tempt you to falter in the duty you have taken upon yourself, think that a dying father's voice cheers you on, and tells you that you stand in a parent's place."

Mary Dupré knelt with shivering sobs

by her father's couch, and felt the earnest truth of her own words as she articulated the sentence—"I promise, father, I promise!—You leave me with but one tie in this desolate world, and to that tie I will cling for ever, so help me God!"

The merchant died; and the grief of his young son was madly violent: he tore his hair—refused to taste food—lay on the ground by the side of the body, and was only prevented from retaining his hold of the coffin at the last moment, and fulfilling the vehement desire of his passionate sorrow, of lying in the grave with his last parent, by the sick and deadly swoon which came upon him—the mingled consequence of weeping, abstinence, and fatigue.

Mary followed the funeral procession with a quiet step, and even murmured the responses in the burial service with a choked

and trembling voice. But long after Lionel sang merrily and thoughtlessly his father's favourite songs, and flung down hastily some book which had been his gift, in order that he might join the sports of his young companions, the pale girl, whose feelings had been pronounced so much less acute, and more easy of control, would steal away to her room, gather round her the little memorials of that father's last days, and weep and pray and weep again, bitterly as on the first dark day which followed his death-bed scene.

CHAPTER II.

> And thou, pale mourner, whose unwearied love
> Looks to no term, and claims no earn'd reward,—
> What *man* shall tell the value of thy heart?
>
> ——————— Sir, list to me,
> I am my father's heir and only son.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

IN colonies and on ship-board, people are proverbially good-natured; and the full desolation of Mary Dupré's situation was not at first apparent to her. All her late father's friends crowded round to assist her in making those necessary arrangements which weigh so heavily at a time when we would fain sit down and weep; every one pitied her, and there was a

general sympathy shewn in the fate of the orphaned son and daughter of a man well known and much respected amongst the inhabitants of Madeira.

Mr. Dupré's affairs were left to the management of trustees in England, but it was generally understood that young Lionel would inherit five thousand a-year; and many attempts were made to engage him to remain with his sister on the island till he should be old enough to enter into partnership with some of the merchants there. Mr. Morrison, in particular, urged the certainty and comfort of remaining with old friends, and being as he had always been, a principal object amongst them; but this idea Lionel rejected with instinctive haughtiness. "My poor father settled that we were to go to England," said he; "but even if he had not done so, *I* should have wished it.—I have enough, and have no idea of working for

my sons, if I ever have any, and wearing out my health in unwholesome or fatiguing occupations, nor am I ambitious of spending my life in the confined society of this island. We came here for my father's health, and my mother's relations particularly regretted it at the time, as a means of preventing my sister and myself from forming acquaintances in England while we were growing up."

"Say no more, young gentleman, say no more," interrupted Mr. Morrison, in rather an offended tone, "I spoke, as I thought, for the best, and because we all are sorry to lose you, especially my little girl, who is quite broken-hearted at the thoughts of such a parting.—But since you must go, why you have my hearty good wishes to take with you, and that you may never find your mother's relations less kindly disposed to you than your

father's old friends, is the sincere prayer of old Jack Morrison."

Mary looked reproachfully at her brother, as the old man concluded his speech, and brushing away a tear, took Lionel by the hand. Mr. Morrison had shewn them constant attention ever since their residence on the island: had always remembered their father when some rare present, acceptable to an invalid, and valueless except as a rarity, had been sent to him. Many a time his round red good-humoured face had appeared at their verandah, with the words, "My wife wanted to send this to the Governor, and we were near having a quarrel about it, so I thought it was best to walk over myself immediately and bring it to your father."

Many a time he had fagged up the hill, through the hot sun, to read out such passages of English letters as he thought might amuse

or interest the invalid, and offer new publications, with the leaves cut by the fairy fingers of little Annie, as soon as they were unpacked. Many a time had he called for Lionel to see a vessel unload, or a curious experiment made; or perhaps only to show off to some weather-beaten captain, "that handsome intelligent boy of poor Dupré's."

Poor old Jack Morrison! He understood the terms "rich," and "respectable," and had a vague idea of the Governor's greatness, (connected, however, with a feeling of annoyance, caused by the restless attempts of his showy Portuguese wife, to get asked to the Government House, to make friends with the Governor's Lady, to flatter the Governor's daughters, and in short, to do all that is usually done for governors and their families in an island like that which they inhabited,) but with respect to "rank" and "connection," "sets" and

"society," Mr. Morrison was as innocent as the babe unborn; and he scarcely knew why he felt mortified (as he undoubtedly did) at the coolness with which young Lionel proposed settling among strangers; his mother's relations, and the superiors of people condemned to the confined society of the factory at Madeira.

Lionel's mother was a Clavering; and if they were a noble family, they certainly were a proud one. Sir William Clavering never entirely forgave his daughter, (though he had not a farthing to leave her, and was himself only a distant cousin of the Earl of Clavering and Mountalt,) for bestowing her pretty portionless self on the industrious Mr. Dupré: and though Lionel was a handsome lad with a good fortune, and neither he nor his sister could come under the head of *poor relations*, the sneer of contempt with which the present earl read the dying merchant's request,

that he would afford some protection "to his dear daughter and noble boy" till they were settled in England, would have justified the idea that beggars had been recommended to his notice.

The parting with Annie Morrison was far more difficult than that with her father. For a whole day Lionel wandered with his little companion in the haunts so familiar to both. For whole days, by fits and starts, he wept, and imagined a thousand wild plans for taking Annie with them, and a thousand times did he claim her promise of never being anybody's "little wife" but his. And Annie, as she gave the promise with the frank eagerness of a child, and showered down her soft willing kisses on the forehead and cheek of her departing lover, (with much sorrow, but no shame,) thought not that a day could ever come when they who sate weeping by the wall of their Madeira garden should be nothing to each other;—

dreamed not that the same Lionel who cut off the long auburn curls which fell on his shoulders, and had them woven into bracelets for her arms, would hereafter be indifferent to her very existence.

Mary only waited at Madeira till she received a letter from Mr. Patterson, one of the English trustees. He named the vessel in which she was to sail, the persons under whose care she would make the passage, (already known to her as residents on the island,) and the probable date of her arrival at Portsmouth, where he would await her landing. The letter concluded thus:—

"It is with sincere regret that I am compelled to state, that I have not been able to execute all your father's wishes. One of the trustees appointed by him has refused to act: Sir William Clavering (also named) died about a month since; and Mr. Bigley and myself

have failed in bringing to a satisfactory termination our negociation with the earl. However, I trust before you return, arrangements may have been made which will secure to you a permanent home; and should none such be completed, Mr. Bigley, who is a family man, begs to offer you the protection of Mrs. Bigley's house, where the cheerful society of his young people will, I doubt not, tend greatly towards improving your spirits. With sincere condolences for the irremediable loss you have sustained, and compliments to Mr. Lionel Dupré,

"I am, Madam,

"Your Humble Servant,

"W. C. PATTERSON."

"Irremediable, indeed!" exclaimed Mary, as she crushed the long-expected letter in her hands and burst into tears. "Oh! my father, my dear father! if you could read this! You

who thought we should be so welcome in England! Thank God, you did not know this when you died! Thank God you did not foresee the difficulties, the coldness, the cruelty. You did not imagine that we should sail for England *hoping* that arrangements might still be made to secure us a permanent home—and with the alternative of accepting the hospitality of an utter stranger." And leaning her head on the table she sobbed long and bitterly.

But Mary Dupré's moments of weakness were few. She roused herself: she remembered that she had to act for her beloved brother as well as for herself;—that she had no one to look to for directions or encouragement;—that everything must be arranged and settled in the shortest possible time;—and that all those arrangements depended on her. Mr. Patterson's letter advised that the

house, furniture, &c. should be sold before her departure, as it would save trouble, and expense of agency commissions.

She rose, and folding the letter, put on her hat and walked slowly down to Mr. Morrison's.

Lionel was seated on the terrace, feeding a green and crimson parroquet, and by him stood little Annie, her sweet smiling face intently watching him. They both ran towards the gate.

"I have heard from England, Lionel," said his sister, sadly.

"You have! Well, what news? Are we to live with Lord Clavering?"

"Not at present:—it cannot be arranged just now."

"And why not?" exclaimed young Dupré, while a fierce disappointment kindled in his eye, and his dark moveable eyebrows met with a sudden frown. "Where *are* we to

live?—with Sir William—with my grandfather?"

"He is dead," murmured Mary with a sigh.

There was a pause: it was broken by Annie Morrison, who exclaimed,—

"Ah! if I had a brother or sister I should not care how or where I lived, so long as we were together!"

"Nor do *I* care, so long as I am with *you*, Mary!" and Lionel flung his arms passionately round his sister's neck.

"There is but one thing I wish, Mr. Morrison," said Mary, as she stood with the long inventory in her hand, prepared to see all those familiar articles of household furniture given up to the hammer. "I wish to have my father's reading-desk and table, and the old clock; I have so often heard it strike the hours when I have been watching by him."

"They shall be bought in," was the brief

reply; but Mary knew by the *tone* that the old man understood and felt for her; and she thought of the day when she must part from this last friend, and live among those who had never shared either her joy or her sorrow.

That day came. The shores of Madeira lessened in their sight and grew dim. The purple clouds of evening sank lower and lower till they formed one huge bank along the sky, divided by a clear streak of pale light from the grey and colourless sea. The moon rose and glided through the heavens as if she were companioning the vessel on her solitary track, and it was not till all had retired to their cabins, and a weary sleep had fallen upon Mary Dupré's eyes, that she could forget the grasp of poor old Morrison's hand, or the choked sob with which he pronounced the words,— "Write to me: write to me! I shall be glad to hear from you! Don't forget me among

grander friends. Write to me!" And for years Mary *did* write to him, till after several of her letters had remained unanswered, she learnt by accident that he had speculated unsuccessfully, and died a bankrupt. To whom Annie was confided, either in England or Madeira, she could not discover, though she wrote two or three times to the girl herself.

The voyage was made without danger, and without incident. Oh! the monotony of that long sea-course, with a heart full of anxiety for the future, and regret for the past. It seemed to Mary as if it would never end. And yet, when they shouted "Land," and neared Portsmouth, she shrank away, and tears filled her eyes. Even the companionship of that vessel was preferable to the utter strangeness of all that was to come.

In the midst of a cold drizzling rain and a

whistling wind, they got into the boats which were to convey them to land; and drenched with spray, and half dead with fatigue, Mary Dupré accompanied Mr. Patterson's servant (who had been sent on board to take care of her luggage,) to the door of a room in the hotel where they were to sleep that night. She entered timidly and faintly, and saw Mr. Patterson standing on the rug by a newly-lit fire. He was a tall, elderly man, with pinched and spare features, and at present looked exceedingly blue and cold. He advanced two or three steps, shook Lionel by the hand, in a shy, irresolute manner, and after twice *half* extending his hand to Miss Dupré, apparently relinquished the attempt to accomplish the same ceremony with *her* as too much for his nerves.

"I think," said Lionel sulkily, as he flung himself down on the hard crimson moreen sofa, and fixed his eyes on the scanty crimson moreen

curtains which barely closed over a window looking into the stable-yard, "I think, considering you knew we were coming, Mr. Patterson, you might have provided us a more comfortable apartment."

Mr. Patterson's countenance assumed the expression of a half-tamed fallow-deer, inclined to eat a bit of bread from your hand, but afraid to advance, and ready to spring away the moment you move.

"Mr. Dupré, I really beg your pardon—I should have been on board, but I was so late in arriving here;—I have been much occupied—very much occupied,—been making wills, and"——

"Well, but when you *did* come, it was easy to order a better room than this. I've been accustomed to comfort,—and as to sitting in this room"——

"Certainly, my dear young gentleman,—

certainly, five thousand a-year entitles you to expect comforts,—nay, luxuries; but meanwhile we must be prudent; I have hitherto conducted every thing in the most economical manner, and Mr. Bigley"——

"Mary, ring the bell, dear," interrupted Lionel.

The bell was accordingly rung. A very shabby waiter answered it, after ten minutes' delay, and stood with the door-lock in his hand, but without even troubling himself to enquire why he had been summoned. His inquisitively contemplative face produced from Mary the remark,—"*You* told me to ring, Lionel."

Her brother, whose temper was already irritated by the delay, sprang from the sofa, and in the most authoritative tone of passion ordered the master of the hotel to be sent for.

"He's not *in*, sir."

"Well then, the head waiter; and don't stand like a fool with the door in your hand, making a draft that will kill one with the rheumatism, — the room's like an ice-house already."

The head waiter came, with a doubtful cautious face, like an ambassador with plenipotentiary powers.

"Is there no room in the house, with proper furniture and a good fire?" thundered forth the spoiled heir.

"Yes, sir, No. 5; party just this moment gone out; capital fire, sir,—capital room."

"Well, then, for God's sake let us get into it, and order dinner there instantly."

"Certainly, sir."

In five minutes the door was again more briskly opened, and a dapper and smiling little waiter appeared, with a heavy mosaic gold chain, to which were appended more seals

than were entrusted to the Duke of Wellington during the inconvenient temporary absence of Sir Robert Peel in the autumn of 1834; and the agreeable notice of "dinner, sir," was pronounced with a rapidity commensurate with the haste displayed in its preparation.

"Mr. Patterson, will you take my sister?"

Mr. Patterson obeyed; and Lionel followed, not perceiving that the dapper little waiter with the seals, who followed *him*, was allegorically representing the style and manner of the new guest, by standing on tip-toe and crowing in an under-voice, so as to give a not very unfaithful imitation of a Bantam cock.

The dinner, as may be believed, was inconceivably tedious. Between the pauses of eating, Mr. Patterson explained, that for the present Miss Dupré and her brother had bet-

ter take advantage of Mr. Bigley's invitation, after which arrangements could be made satisfactory to all parties; and amongst those arrangements he presumed that of sending Lionel to Eton would be advisable.

Both brother and sister were dismayed at this prospect of separation.

"With the expectation of five thousand a-year, it is fit and proper that you should have the best of educations; and it is Mr. Bigley's opinion that"——

"Why can't I study at home as I have always been accustomed to do?"

"My dear young sir, even were it compatible with Mr. Bigley's family arrangements to take a private tutor into his house (which would by no means be the case, for Mr. B.'s own son was at school), it is a measure so exceedingly expensive as to be unwise and inconsiderate; for although the expectation of

five thousand a-year entitles you to many advantages, yet *present* economy, as indeed Mr. Bigley observes"——

"What an old bore you are," muttered Lionel half aloud, as he raised a glass of wine to his lips; then setting it down with an expression of disgust, he said angrily,—"This is not drinkable, if madeira ever *is* drinkable. Mr. Patterson, will you be good enough to order claret."

For the first time, Mr. Patterson's features assumed an expression approaching to severity. "Young gentleman, do you know what you are asking? At the age of thirteen"——

"I shall be fourteen in four months," said Lionel, frowning and drawing himself up.

"Well, at the age of *fourteen*, sir," said Mr. Patterson, upon whom this request for claret had worked a marvellous change—"at the age of fourteen, or at any other age,

whilst you are a minor, even if instead of five, you had expectations to the amount of twenty thousand a-year, it is unheard of,— I say it is unheard of, that you should demand claret for your own private drinking at a Portsmouth hotel. Ruinous, sir! ruinous! I am sure if Mr. Bigley could have been made aware "——

"Have I but *one* guardian, sir, and is Mr. Bigley responsible for your conduct as well as mine? I will neither submit to be controlled by you nor by him, as you will find; and for the present I have the honour of wishing you good night."

So saying Lionel rang the bell, desired to be shewn to his room, and left Mr. Patterson and Mary to a tête-à-tête.

There was a dead pause; at length it was broken by a sort of preparatory hem on the part of the insulted guardian. Mary dreaded

what was to follow; she lifted her soft dark grey eyes to his face with an appealing and deprecatory look, and perceived that Mr. Patterson's nervousness had returned two-fold.—"Madam," said he, "you are very young."

This observation required no reply.

"You are much younger than I imagined, when your good father wrote to me some months previous to his decease, and informed me that you would arrange and execute all the minor details connected with the disposal of Mr. Lionel Dupré. I should suggest, madam, that he be sent to school till such time as he shall be old enough to go to one of the Universities. He is a handsome lad, but a *leetle* spoiled—a *leetle* spoiled; and I confess I shall be better pleased when Mr. Bigley"——

The usual pause which followed this formidable name having been made, Mary took

the opportunity of inquiring all that it seemed necessary to know for the present, viz. where Mr. Bigley lived, and at what time it was likely they should reach his place of residence. Mr. Bigley lived at Norfolk, and if the party started at eight in the morning, they would be ushered into the presence of Mrs. Bigley and her little family on the evening of the succeeding day.

After Mary had ascertained this fact, she retired; and Mr. Patterson having courteously bowed and closed the door, returned to the table, drew it nearer the fire, and, gently rubbing his hands, prepared for that comfortable enjoyment of his *own* society, which is so much more delightful to a shy man than the most agreeable circle that could be invited to meet him.

Before retiring for the night, Mary sought her brother's room with the intention of expostulating with him on the rudeness and

intemperance which he had shown towards one who, however awkward in his manner, had evidently been acting honestly, and, to the best of his abilities, in their behalf; and had endeavoured to the utmost to fulfil the injunctions of their dead father; but, at the first few words, Lionel interrupted her.

"I guess what you are going to say, Mary, but it is of no use; I will not stoop to be governed and lectured by that man. I obeyed my father; no one can ever say I braved my father's will; I cared too much for a cold word from him, to risk his displeasure; I thank God I cannot recal *one* single instance in which I voluntarily angered him."

Mary interrupted in her turn. She did not remind her brother how very little that father's authority had been exerted, or how gently exercised; her *impulse* was to conciliate, and calculation could have contrived no

better method for obtaining influence over the wayward lad by her side.

"It is true," said she, as she kissed his noble forehead, "you were a dutiful child to the best and fondest of fathers. You obeyed him because he was our father; but now, Leo, you must learn to obey others; for the sake of your own comfort and respectability—for *his* sake, Lionel, you must learn to obey."

"I tell you, never!" shouted Lionel, as he struck the little table near him with his closed hand: "I did not obey my father, like an infant, because he WAS my father; I obeyed him because he knew when and how to control me; because my reason echoed every word of his reproof; because I knew that it was for my sake, for *me*, that he opposed my caprices; but if you think I will be tutored by that shivering, stammering fool Patterson, or the tyrant Bigley——"

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"You do not know Mr. Bigley yet," said his sister, in a tone of irrepressible vexation; "you may like and respect him hereafter."

"Oh, Mary, Mary! don't *you* turn against me! don't *you* try and put me under strangers. I have mortification enough in seeing that my mother's fine relations are determined not to allow us to live amongst them—I have vexation enough in thinking how differently my father hoped and expected for me. I can't bow to those people—I can't and I won't! but a word of your's shall lead me, Mary! a wish of your's shall be a command to me! let them send their orders through you, and I will promise any thing!"

Mary Dupré waited to calm the passionate tears which accompanied this last sentence, and, as she stole away to her own room, a vague dread of that responsible future in which she was expected to perform the part

of a parent to the wild and violent lad she already felt beyond her control, mingled with the regret and misery which always followed the remembrance of her father's death.

CHAPTER III.

Now this is worshipful society.

SHAKSPEARE.

IT was late in the evening when our party arrived at the residence of Mr. Bigley. Lionel, who had really taken pains to please Mr. Patterson during the journey, had repeatedly asked impatient questions respecting every individual of the family with whom he was about to make acquaintance, and, just as the carriage drove up to the brass-knockered

door of the red-brick mansion which contained the objects of his curiosity, his inquiry whether Mr. Patterson thought he should like them, was answered by that gentleman in a bolder and more complimentary style than usual: "I do not know whether you will like them, but I am sure they will like you."

The consequence of this agreeable intimation was, that Master Lionel Dupré sprang out of the carriage in the best of tempers, and as he stood, a victim to Mr. Patterson's slow introduction, at the door of Mrs. Bigley's sitting-room with a glow, half of returning warmth and half embarrassment, and a smile equally divided between good-nature and amusement, the first thing that struck every one was his excessive beauty; on which the youngest daughter of the family thus openly commented:—

"Oh, goodness, mama! what a pretty, pretty boy in a fur coat!"

"Hush! Rosabel; for shame! little ladies should never remark on gentlemen's looks, it isn't proper."

Lionel laughed and patted her on the head, which abashing her more than the maternal rebuke, she retreated, and hid herself in the folds of her "mama's" gown.

Gowns in those days had not the voluminous width and hoop-like form of the petticoat of the present day; on the contrary, they were amazingly scanty; and as Mrs. Bigley stood courteously endeavouring to welcome Miss Duprê and her brother to Norfolk, the effect of the little Rosabel's efforts to pull all the fulness to the back part of the dress, was any thing but graceful, and materially prevented that freedom of step

which is at once both requisite and becoming. Provoked at the awkwardness of her situation, Mrs. Bigley gave a sudden and angry twitch to the child's arm, which caused a violent burst of crying.

"Take her away, Jane, till she has done roaring," said the incensed parent: and, all the flow of her drapery recovered, she swept her way towards the hearth-rug.

Round the fire stood a number of girls of different ages, each with a more than an ordinary share of the awkwardness which belongs to that fearful "juste milieu," which is neither child nor woman.

"Go away, all of you, to the other end of the room, and mind you keep quiet. No, not *you*, Hyacinth, you may stay by the fire; Miss Dupré and the young gentleman will excuse *you*—you have chilblains, and if

you sit in the cold, you won't be able to walk all the winter. Mr. Patterson, you will find Mr. Bigley, senior, and Mr. Bigley, junior, in the office."

Lionel looked at Hyacinth, and felt a particular dislike to the fat, sallow, uncomfortable-looking girl, with an enormous crop of rough dark curls round her face, and suffering from chilblains. While Mary was talking to Mrs. Bigley, he surveyed the group at the other end of the room; they were all rather of the Hyacinth species, and amounted to the number of four, exclusive of Jane and the little rebel who had been exiled temporarily for her misconduct.

While he was yet contemplating this distinguished company, (who kept pinching each other's arms and elbows, and giggling,) Jane returned, leading the resentful Rosabel, the tears still glittering on her long black eye-

lashes, and the colour in her cheek deepened to crimson.

"Come, that *is* a very pretty child," thought Lionel; "and the fair girl they call Jane, is nice-looking; I wonder can she be the governess? she is not the least like any of the others."

All doubt on this subject was speedily put an end to by Mrs. Bigley herself, who, calling to the object of his attention, abruptly presented her as, "Miss Bigley, *Mr.* B.'s daughter; a great deal older than any of mine—Hyacinth is *my* eldest."

A very slight, almost imperceptible smile stole round the corners of Jane Bigley's mouth as she curtsied to the new comers. Her manner was equally free from forwardness and embarrassment, and as Lionel turned to his sister, he saw the expression of pleased approval on her countenance also, and both cordially greeted their new acquaintance.

At this juncture, "Mr. Bigley, senior, and Mr. Bigley, junior," accompanied by Mr. Patterson, entered the room.

Lionel eagerly looked towards the person whom he had begun involuntarily to consider as "having authority over him," but nothing could be less calculated to inspire awe than the attorney's personal appearance: a small fat man, in a yellow wig, with legs bearing a very small proportion to the body they supported, a joyous twinkle in his diminutive blue eye, and a hearty, happy, and most atrociously vulgar manner; such was the often quoted Mr. Bigley! Lionel stared. Mr. Patterson was, at least, a gentleman; a shy, awkward, timid, nervous, irresolute gentleman, if you will; but still a gentleman; and when in opposition to the hesitating welcome given by the latter on their arrival at Portsmouth, Mr. Bigley, senior, shook our hero

heartily by the hand, and clapping him on the shoulder at the same time, exclaimed, "well, young gentleman, and how are *you?*" young Dupré could scarcely contain his astonishment and indignation.

Bigley junior, or Henry Bigley, like Jane, did not belong to the large second brood in his father's house; and after a word or two of kind but inaudible notice to Hyacinth, during which he pointed twice to the foot whose ills so weighed on the minds of the family, he retreated into the back-ground, there to be welcomed by his own sister, whose pretty face was lit with smiles at the first glimpse of his slight shuffling figure when he entered the room, and who now appeared to be chatting merrily to amuse him after the fatigue and confinement of the attorney's office.

Mr. Bigley and Mr. Patterson having com-

menced a conversation on their side, and Mrs. Bigley and Mary still appearing occupied with each other, Lionel devoted his attention to Rosabel, and became exceedingly amused with her childish grace and merriment. He even undertook to narrate a long story, in the midst of which he was interrupted by the attorney, who, rising and leaning three fingers on the tea-table, uttered the following brief oration:

"To-morrow, at twelve, the papers relating to the late Mr. Dupré's affairs will be laid before you, Miss Mary, and your brother. The will shall be read to you, though you doubtless recollect its contents; and Mr. Patterson and myself will attend; I shall be happy to listen to any suggestions you may make, which may at all conduce to your future welfare, and hope the arrangements entered into will be mutually satisfactory. At

twelve precisely, to-morrow, in my study;" and, lighting his bed-room candle, Mr. Bigley departed to rest.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Mrs. Bigley ushered her guests into a large cold drawing-room, with linen covers on most of the furniture, and ditto on all the chandeliers. About four really fine pictures, several hideous *silouettes*, and an innumerable quantity of bad miniatures and tolerable engravings, in very shewy frames, relieved at intervals the bareness of the walls, which were papered in pale peach colour, with gold mouldings and cornices. Each table had a carved ivory or filigree silver work-box under a glass-case, and one or two other equally useful articles; on the chimney-piece, amid a confused selection of screens and ill-painted card-racks, stood a large French clock, with a musical box below, and an or-molu

groupe above, representing an old man rowing a little boy in a boat the size of a cockle-shell, and inscribed was the ingenious and novel device, "Le Tems fait passer l'Amour."

The only person in the room was Hyacinth, who, looking more uncomfortable than ever, sat vainly endeavouring to warm herself at the smoky and reluctant fire which half-filled the magnificent polished grate.

"How cold it is," said Lionel, as he drew a chair and sat down on the opposite side.

"Yes, it is very cold in this room," said Hyacinth, with a heavy sigh.

There was a pause.

"Can you lend me a book?" resumed young Dupré, looking round as if seeking for some stray publication.

"I can fetch you one; there are no books in this room."

"By Jove though, here *is* one; the pam-

phlet Mr. Patterson thought so clever, upon steam machinery; this will do; give me a paper-knife."

"There is no paper-knife in this room, but you can take a card from the mantel-piece, it will cut the leaves quite as well."

"No, never mind; perhaps he wants to bind his pamphlets, and dislikes their being opened carelessly; I remember my father used to dislike it. I know what I'll do—I'll make memorandums of what I wish to say to-day; I dare say Mary will get sad and nervous when the will is read, and that will put every thing out of my head."

"Are you looking for any thing?" murmured his chilly companion, as she observed Lionel shifting from table to table enquiringly.

"Yes, I'm looking for a blotting-book and an inkstand; where are they?"

"A blotting-book! dear me, there is no

blotting-book in *this* room; and none of the inkstands have any ink in them, mama's so afraid of their being broken."

"Why is there nothing *in this room?*" said Lionel, with impatient irony, as he returned and flung himself back in his chair; "and why do you sit here, if it is the most comfortless room in the house?"

"We never *do* sit here," said Hyacinth, in a more plaintive tone than she had hitherto assumed, "except when there's company. We sit in the room where you found us last night."

"How you shiver," said her companion, as she concluded the last phrase.

"Yes; it is partly having on this white gown; you've no idea how cold it is, after my brown merinos."

"And why do you wear it, when you have already got a cold?"

"We always *do* wear white when there's

company; and mama particularly desired when *you* came— "

"I am sure," said Lionel, leaning back in his chair with half a yawn and half a laugh, "*I* don't care what gown you wear. How old are you?"

"I'm fourteen."

"And how old is Rosabel?"

"Ten. She seems much younger because she has such baby ways; but she was ten last month. She was *called* baby till she was six, and then papa forbid it."

"I wish you'd fetch her," ejaculated Lionel, this time with an undisguised yawn.

"It hurts me so to move; but I will."

"No, no; don't go if it gives you pain."

"Oh it isn't much: and mama particularly desired everything should be done to amuse you."

"I wonder if that is the reason she left *you*

in this room," muttered he, half aloud, as the dull but good-natured girl rose, and limping with a slip-shod and bound-up foot, left the drawing-room.

"Oh that you had a sprained ancle, or a broken leg, or anything but a chilblain, most ugly girl! And what a name! Hyacinth! It seems to me, you are twice as ugly in consequence of the expectation raised by the sound. Sukey or Betty would have answered the purpose better."

It was not in the nature of Lionel Dupré to consider, that however ugly and ungainly this young girl might be, she was mounting a long staircase, every nerve in her foot and ancle throbbing with pain, partly out of obedience to her mother's command, and partly out of real willingness to amuse the selfish stranger.

"Mama, may I rest by your fire," said the

object of so much criticism, when she reached the first landing-place.

"Certainly, my love: come in."

Mr. and Mrs. Bigley were talking earnestly, and paused when she came in.

"Don't you think, Mr. B., that Cinthy looks remarkably well in blue and white?"

Mr. B. nodded assent.

"But what have you done with Mr. Dupré, my dear Hyacinth?"

"Mr. Dupré wants Rosabel, and begged me to fetch her."

"There, Mr. Bigley! there; who was right?"

Hyacinth, without noticing this mysterious burst of triumph on her mother's part, proceeded:—"He wants Rosabel; and I wish you would allow Catherine to dress her hair and take her down, for indeed I am quite ill with

my cold, and Mr. Dupré is not the least amused with any of us but Rosabel."

"I will take her down myself," said Mrs. Bigley, as she bustled out of the room, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

Mr. Bigley stood, leaning his back against the mantel-piece, humming a tune and playing with the seals of his watch.

"Father," said Hyacinth timidly, "I think I am very ill."

"*Are* you, my dear?" responded Mr. Bigley, in a tone which proved he had not heard, or at least noticed, the drift of her speech.

"I think, father," persisted she, "that mama has not had time lately to see how very ill I am. Jane says it isn't a common cold."

"Your mother's head is full of schemes, my dear," said her father roughly, as he left the room to prepare for the interview with Mr. Patterson and his ward, and Hyacinth leaned

her aching head against the foot of her mother's bed and cried bitterly.

It would have greatly increased Lionel's horror of her ugliness if he had seen her, more chilled than ever after this fit of weeping, draw a faded shawl over the white dress which was worn for "company," and creep almost *into* the fire; with her shoulders up to her ears, and her eyes and mouth swelled and heavy, as only excessive weeping, superadded to a feverish cold, can make them.

Mr. Bigley spoke the truth when he harshly alluded to his wife's head being full of schemes. She had already in fancy appropriated Lionel Dupré as a husband to her really pretty little Rosabel; and had spent great part of the morning in endeavouring to persuade Mr. B. not to send the young lad away, but to educate him in the house. The point had been long and obstinately combated, Mr.

Bigley averring that there scarcely ever was an instance of two people falling in love who had been used to live together as children; and that "that Paul and Virginia nonsense was all fudge." That it was much more likely that the young man would be taken with her seeing her only in his holidays, and at intervals, &c. &c.; and Mrs. Bigley arguing it *her* way, till at length she wrung from her husband a promise or compromise, that "if the lad was himself for going, he should go, and if he was for staying he should stay, and be put under the care of a private tutor; but for his own part he had just as soon his daughter married an honest lawyer."

In the interview of that day the point was settled to the entire satisfaction of Mary, Lionel, and Rosabel's mama; it was also arranged that out of five hundred a-year, which was settled on Mary, independent of her brother,

she should pay two hundred annually as long as she chose to remain with the Bigleys, in consideration of the comfortable home she would enjoy.

As to any further provision for her, Mr. Dupré's will was thus worded: — "I do not here appoint my daughter Mary a marriage portion, because I would not but leave to her brother's generosity so great a pleasure, not doubting that she will receive from him a fit and liberal provision." And in case of his son dying unmarried, then the whole of the property reverted to his daughter.

A great deal was said about old Sir William Clavering, on whom, unfortunately, Mr. Dupré had principally depended for placing Lionel, and a great many rude speeches reported as made by the present Lord Clavering, who was Sir William's nephew.

Remaining with the Bigleys seemed the only present alternative; and Mary, whatever she might privately have thought of the difference of society, occupations, and comforts, from what she had been used to enjoy in her father's house, acquiesced with a sweet and perfect cheerfulness. Lionel had sarcastically described to her the difference of their "company life" and that adopted among themselves; but her only answer was,—"you must remember, Lionel, that these people's vulgarity is the result of habit and circumstances, and that what renders them at this moment ridiculous in your eyes, was an attempt to be kind to *us;* to show us respect and attention by treating us as honoured guests; it was all meant for the best, and that is the only light in which you should view it."

Nor did she in any way refer to the sub-

ject after that evening, when as they sat in *the* room, where there was nothing but ornaments, she turned with a quiet smile to Mrs. Bigley, who was yawning and rubbing her eyes, and said,—"Now, dear Mrs. Bigley, that we are all to live as one family, I trust you will no longer think of treating us as strangers, but allow us to share your usual occupations. I shall bring down my work-basket to-morrow, for I am sure, with so many little people to dress, you can give me constant occupation, and it will be a pleasure to me to help you in any way."

To say that Mrs. Bigley's pleasure equalled her surprise on this occasion, would be saying the utmost that language can express. She was just the sort of busy, bustling matron who has eternally on her arm an enormous basket filled with patterns for backs, and pat-

terns for fronts, and straps for shoulder-pieces, and brown holland pinafores wanting new tapes; who produces six little frocks at a time, all ready cut out, and sets her maids to making them; and who herself superintends the cooking of particular dishes.

I do wrong to speak in the present tense. There is no such character now as Mrs. Bigley: since our servant-maids have taken to wear lace canezous and silk stockings, and employ the same mantua-makers as ourselves to make up their dresses, the true English matron has gone out of fashion. We are differently occupied,—we read more, and dance more, and think more on general topics; there has been a march of intellect; and now we waltz, and read theological disputes, and political pamphlets, and parliamentary speeches; and are much better and happier, and make

more use of the energies God has given us, than we did in those days.

Far be it from me to deny it, or to presume to compare the quiet consciousness of doing one's duty in an obscure corner of the world, to the glorious notoriety of seeing one's name in a newspaper, coupled with praise or abuse, as the humour of the time may be; or the comfortable occupation of struggling to understand, what after all, we are no more permitted to take part in, than Mrs. Bigley would have been, had she known, poor dear soul, what was the meaning of the phrase, "parliamentary debate."

But even in Mrs. Bigley's time the character was going into disrepute, as may be seen by the ambitious plans formed for her daughter Rosabel;—she was a schemer, though not exactly of the same stamp with the chaperons

of the present day. The march of intellect had made its first step; and could Mrs. B. have lived till now, she would have felt the truth of the French proverb,—"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*"

CHAPTER IV.

——— "The boyhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

MILTON.

A TUTOR for Mr. Lionel Dupré was found without difficulty. There are always thousands of well-educated, well-mannered, and well-disposed young men, ready to go through all the laborious irksome stages of that

Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,

for an annual salary, not greatly exceeding,

(sometimes scarcely equalling) the sum paid to a popular singer for one night's performance; Madame Malibran, for instance,—but Madame Malibran is certainly worth all the private tutors in the world.

In proportion as education has become more universal, those who impart it have become objects of infinitely less consequence. In the good old days, when the dominie was the most learned person not only in the house, but probably in the neighbourhood where he dwelt, the master of the establishment considered him as a friend and companion, of whose acquirements he stood rather in awe, and his young pupils looked up to him with reverence, and listened to his dictates with submission. But all that is passed away.

Now-a-days, young gentlemen are better informed (at least on the subject of their instructor's defects), than they were then. They

know better; they know that nobody is such a bore as their private tutor,—that nobody is such a prig as their private tutor—that nobody is so entirely ridiculous as their private tutor; and I have heard a young gentleman desire his private tutor to ring the bell for his horses, with a lounging nonchalance which the fat butler in his father's house would not have borne for a moment, and would rather have given up his place, than consented to obey.

I recollect once when dining with a very worthy family, quite *en famille*, with the little Swiss governess and the private tutor at table, the conversation turned on literature and the popular works of the day; amongst those mentioned, was that cleverest of all stories, Mr. Theodore Hook's "Passion and Principle," and I involuntarily appealed to Mr. B. for his opinion. "Good heavens! my dear ma'am," said the lady of the house to me after dinner,

"what could induce you to talk to Mr. B. on such subjects? We make it a rule never to do so; you are aware he is only private tutor to the boys."

To this day it is a mystery to me what the lady exactly meant; whether "such subjects" as literary works were those on which a private tutor was unfit to give an opinion; or whether "such subjects" as love-stories were forbidden topics with private tutors and Swiss governesses. I submitted silently to the rebuke, made no more observations to Mr. B., but a great many to myself, on the love for information, and respect for classical knowledge which must be instilled into the young gentlemen under his care, by the fact of seeing their instructor treated as an upper servant.

Mr. Frank Lawrence, to whom the education of Lionel was to be confided, was a clever

looking, well meaning, generous minded young man, with the hope of a curacy ever in his thoughts, and a Latin author generally in his hand. The confusion and importance of his arrival in the monotonous circle of the Bigley family, was greatly lessened by a melancholy event,—the death of Hyacinth, who had been attacked by rapid fever soon after the melancholy day of shivering spent in the drawing-room, and whose loss was mourned (as it appeared to Lionel), with an unreasonable and preposterous grief.

He was tired to death of the allusions to "poor Hyacinth's bright eyes," and "kind disposition," and "cheerful ways," and "companionable qualities;" he was embarrassed at the constant demands made upon him for sympathy and pity; he was astounded at the discovery, that one who had to him appeared so utterly uninteresting, was reckoned by her fa-

ther, mother, brothers and sisters, to have been a particularly charming girl, whose promising talents had been temporarily obscured when he first arrived, by her indisposition.

But when Mrs. Bigley, in the fulness of her maternal sorrow, insisted on presenting him with a locket containing the hair of her "poor dear sufferer," arranged (in a fashion fortunately now exploded) so as to resemble a black wheatsheaf tied with gold thread, his long-restrained impatience burst forth in a peevish and contemptuous "pshaw!" And though a look from Mary caused him immediately afterwards to endeavour to heal the breach, by explaining that it was simply his dislike to men wearing ornaments, which prompted the expression, yet Mrs. Bigley remembered and treasured up involuntarily this corroboration of the Madeira gardener's opinion, that Lionel had not "a good heart."

It is certain that what Mr. Lionel Dupré most felt with respect to the decease of this lamented person, was the increased dulness of the already very dull house occupied by the *famille* Bigley. Even his little pet Rosabel, partly out of obedience to her mama's opinion that she ought not to laugh or play so soon after her sister's death, and partly out of real awe and sorrow, had ceased to romp and teaze him while he was reading, or invite him to make snow-balls in the garden, and pelt the little rosy face whose merry black eyes were lifted so affectionately to his own.

Mr. Frank Lawrence came therefore, as far as his pupil was concerned, at a most welcome season; and Lionel, glad of a change, and welcoming the novelty and excitement without any dread of his new tutor's authority, assumed a cordiality of manner which did not always

add to the prepossession which his beauty excited in his favour.

"Surely I am very fortunate," said Mr. Lawrence to himself, as he unpacked his small portmanteau in search of a Bible with silver clasps, which had been his mother's gift: "Uncommonly fortunate," added he, as he turned over the leaves of the sacred volume; and all the while the rich auburn curls, arched black eyebrows, and expressive eyes of his young charge, danced before him.

Poor Mr. Lawrence! He was young—very young!

Six months' incessant worry of spirits, and vain exertion of what he found to be a merely nominal authority, altered his opinion as to his extraordinary good luck in meeting with Lionel Dupré as a pupil. It was not merely turbulence or thoughtlessness which made his

daily task difficult, but a predominant and all-pervading selfishness which wearied and revolted even those who were most willing to indulge the young heir in all his caprices.

By the time two years had expired from the date of their leaving Madeira, Lionel Dupré had become an object of aversion to most of the inmates of the Bigley family. Rosabel only, of the girls, declared that no one *understood* Lionel except his sister Mary and herself. This was a favourite expression of young Dupré's. When openly reproved for a fault, or informed of some private censure passed on his conduct, he would throw back his magnificent head with a haughty sneer, and declare that they "did not understand him."

Mary *did* understand him. *She* called his sullen resentment, pride: his violence of temper, warmth of disposition: his carelessness of wounding others, thoughtlessness: his de-

termined adhesion to his own will, originality. She had an excuse to give for all he did wrong, not only to those around her, but to her own heart: and to her the sunny side of his character was ever uppermost. And she was repaid in her influence over him. "Very well; since Mary makes a point of it, I'll do it," was often the excuse for yielding, after days or hours of obstinate resistance to the will or wishes of others.

And Rosabel, imitating her admired young friend in his method of submission, told her sister "to make Lionel ask her to do so and so, and then she would."

Meanwhile, Mr. Bigley, occupied with his office, and the litigious squabbles of his neighbourhood; satisfied that in Mr. Lawrence he had hit upon a quiet, excellent young man, qualified in all respects for his situation; and inclining more and more every day to his

wife's opinion, that Mr. Dupré would end in marrying Rosabel, troubled himself little with any personal superintendance of his ward; allowed him every possible indulgence, in order to make his house agreeable to him; and highly approved of a habit his young people had acquired since Mr. Lawrence's domestication amongst them, of having "musical evenings." Nothing had ever been arranged more to the taste of the tired little attorney, who, stretching out his diminutive legs, and pushing his yellow wig very much to one side, listened with delight to duets and trios, executed by his daughter Jane, Mr. Lawrence, and the clear bird-like voice of Rosabel, with sometimes a note or two chimed in by Lionel, whose favourite pursuit was music, and who promised to have one of the finest possible voices.

Mrs. Bigley had a trick of sleeping after

dinner, which prevented her from receiving any thing more on these occasions than the negative pleasure of being *lullabyed* to her accustomed nap. But she too, was thoroughly contented with the state of things, and viewed Mr. Lawrence, Lionel, Mary, and the prospects of her favourite little Rosabel, through one uniform medium of couleur de rose.

Alas! for the duration of human contentment! One rash speech of his untoward and rebellious pupil, made Mr. Lawrence a dissatisfied and repining man, and spread dissensions through the whole family;—stopped music of an evening, and mirth of a morning;—deprived Rosabel of her companion; and sent poor quiet Jane Bigley to weep for days together in her own room!

It pleased Mr. Lionel, fired by the sight of a pack of hounds in full cry, and a troop of gentlemen in red coats, spurring their sleek

hunters, and hallooing with all the strength of their lungs, to desire to join "the hunt," and to obtain this, his ardent wish, every art of persuasion of which he was master, was put into requisition.

Mr. Lawrence refused firmly and decidedly, even though little Rosabel pleaded for *one* day, "*only* one day, which could do nobody any harm."

Some intemperate answer was made by the disappointed lad, which was checked by Mary, who, laying her hand gently on her brother's arm, in token of silence, said with an appealing look, "I am sure, Mr. Lawrence, you will give Lionel your reasons for refusing what he imagines so great a pleasure; and he is no longer a child that he should rebel when reasoned with."

"I think," said Mr. Lawrence, calmly, "Mr. Dupré's own good sense would suggest to him

some of the reasons. I do not consider him old enough to join a dangerous exercise to which he is totally unaccustomed:—it would be exceedingly difficult to procure a safe horse for a single day's hunt, a risk which scarcely any tradesman would run; and a very expensive amusement when so obtained.—The companions with whom he would mingle are not such as he may be trusted with till his judgment is more cool, and he is better calculated to choose associates. Many of those he would meet are his inferiors in education; men of low habits, who have no other occupation than hunting and betting on the turf:—and could all these objections be got over, there still remains one which is insurmountable."

Mr. Lawrence hesitated for a moment, and then continued gravely, "I should not choose him to hunt without me, and my accompanying him is out of the question, as in the pro-

fession which I hope to embrace, I consider it unseemly to join in sports of that nature. I am aware that some think differently, but that is my conscientious opinion."

Lionel wore his palest and most angry expression. "Miss Jane Bigley," said he, "I shall appeal to *you*. I have often observed that a word from you has more weight with my tutor than all the persuasion of wiser tongues."

Jane Bigley shrank and coloured; but she answered without lifting her eyes from her work:—"I should be sorry to be the means of persuading Mr. Lawrence to do what he thinks is wrong."

"Well spoken," shouted Lionel in a tone of bitter irony: "you will make a pattern wife. You who answer with such meek obedience even before you are *bound* to obey. I wish Mr. Lawrence joy: he has often told me sub-

mission was a virtue; and I see you have not practised it in vain."

Jane Bigley was a good girl, and in common matters a sensible girl. But she had none of the qualities so celebrated in novels under the head of woman's pride, and woman's firmness, and woman's dignity; therefore as the door angrily closed on the departing Lionel, she dropped her work, and burst into tears, which tears elicited from Mr. Frank Lawrence the ejaculation of, "My dear Miss Bigley! Jane! My poor Jane!" And for a few moments he did not hear, or did not heed, any other sound than that of the choked and ashamed sobs of the insulted girl.

But Jane rose and retired to her room, and Mary followed her with a heavy heart. And then followed a scene of utter confusion.

Mrs. Bigley sent for Mr. B., senior and junior, from the office: and Mr. B. senior gave

way to all the impetuous wrath naturally excited by hearing that a poor private tutor dared to aspire to the hand of a flourishing attorney's daughter: and young Mr. B. expressed his vexation and surprise: and Mrs. B., when appealed to for her "daughter's" happiness, passionately replied, "Not *my* daughter, sir: I hope *my* girls have more sense;" and while she spoke, privately reflected how very inconvenient it would be to see Rosabel's half-sister married to the private tutor of her husband.—And finally, Mr. Lawrence, with the tone of exhausted patience, addressed Mr. Bigley in the words, "*Will* you hear me, sir?" And Mr. B. senior politely replied, "No, sir; I will hear nothing: *you* are to hear *me*. Mr. Lionel Dupré will forthwith proceed to Eton, and you will no longer consider yourself as acting in the capacity of tutor under my roof, the

shelter of which I beg you will leave at your earliest convenience."

It was a sudden, an unexpected blow. All so comfortable at breakfast, and all settled for departure, and unhappiness before dinner time! Mary Dupré did what she could towards repairing the mischief. She explained all that Mr. Bigley would not hear from the lips of Mr. Lawrence himself. His assurances that he had never formally asked Miss Jane Bigley to be his wife; that it was his intention then, and was his intention still, to wait till he had a small curacy and means to support a family; that he was quite willing, after the abrupt and premature disclosure of his attachment, caused by Lionel's rashness, to submit not to see or correspond with Jane, and quite satisfied that the affection which existed between them would still subsist, in spite of

their separation. Mary said all this, and a great deal more, in those low, sweet, equal tones, which seemed ever to possess the magic of persuading when eagerness, and passion, and remonstrance, were in vain.

She had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Bigley shake hands with Mr. Lawrence, and allude to the possibility of Jane and a curacy becoming his at some distant period; and of seeing Mrs. Bigley (melted by the traces of excessive weeping on her step-daughter's countenance) bestow a kind kiss on the poor girl's forehead, and inquire whether she had a headache.

But all this was little; and when they met before dinner, instead of a merry chat round the fire, and looking out music at the piano, and settling what books should be sent for from the little library, and what alterations

should be made in the garden before the spring advanced, all was gloomy, silent, and constrained.

From habit, Jane had brought down with her a small nosegay of Neapolitan violets, which, as an experienced gardener, she contrived to produce nearly all the year round; but she dared not present them, as she had been accustomed to do, unnoticed and unreproved; so she sat picking off the heads of the poor violets, one by one, and throwing them on the rug, and Mr. Frank Lawrence sat looking at the rug where they fell.

"I wonder," said Mary, breaking the long silence, "I wonder Lionel does not return."

Little Rosabel sighed. "I hope he will come back safe," said she.

"Good heavens, Rosa!" said Mrs. Bigley, as Mary started up; "why? do you know where he is?"

"I don't *know* positively, but I am sure he is gone to hunt; I am quite sure, by the way he shut the door, that he was going to do the very thing Mr. Lawrence forbid him to do. He always shuts the door that way when he is determined. Besides," added she, hesitatingly, "I followed him, and he turned round and desired me not to come after him; and I said, I only wished to say, IF he hunted, to take no horse but Farmer Long's; and he patted my cheek, and stood as if thinking whether he would go or not, and just as I had begun to beg him to mind Mr. Lawrence, he went away very passionately."

Mr. Lawrence rose, took his hat, and on his return, after an absence of half-an-hour, informed Mr. Bigley that Farmer Long *had* been applied to, and had lent his horse to Master Lionel Dupré, totally unconscious that

in so doing he was offending the higher powers; that the farmer assured him, the horse was not only the best in his possession, but the best for miles round; a capital hunter, and well known to the gentlemen of "The Hunt," many of whom were in the habit of borrowing it, and paying very highly for the loan.

Nothing more could be done; but the agony of suspense endured by Mary Dupré during that long silent dinner and two dreary hours which followed, may be imagined by those who have felt as she did.

Mr. Bigley, who had a peculiarly happy knack of jesting at wrong times and places, and who was embarrassed and annoyed by the want of merriment in the party, addressed her abruptly thus:

"Why, Miss Mary, you look quite downhearted; never fear, the young gentleman will

come home safe enough. Many's the day I've been out when I was young, and never even had a fall; so, cheerily ho! as Rosa sings, and don't look as anxious as a hen who has hatched ducks, and sees them swim for the first time."

Mary had watched often and anxiously, and it was with a calm smile she looked up, rather in acknowledgment of being spoken to, than exactly conscious of what was said; then, bending over her embroidery as the awful picture of her brother's dead body carried homewards, flitted before her excited mind, she murmured, "if it be God's will," and fancied she could bear even *that*, and resign herself to the decree of heaven.

A hurried rap at the door startled the silent circle.

"Something has happened," said Rosabel, that is not *his* knock."

A heavy step ascended the stairs, and Farmer Long entered, wiping his brow, and evidently both vexed and alarmed; he began a rapid and confused apology, and a long eulogium on the horse he had lent "the young gentleman;" declared he had lads of his own, and would not have minded either of them riding it; that it was "the greatest accident as ever was," and must proceed from the ignorance of the poor young gentleman how to manage a horse.

Mr. Bigley and Mr. Lawrence in vain endeavoured to make him answer more connectedly. He rambled on till Mary, rising and clinging to his arm, said breathlessly:

"Forgive me, sir! we know—we believe it all—we are quite, quite satisfied; now, tell me—Master Dupré has been thrown?"

"Yes, miss; he would leap by the great

oak across Farmer Stunt's meadow, and you see"——

"No matter, no matter—where was he carried?"

"To the surgeon's, miss; and the black mare trotted home alone, by which I misgave"——

"Yes, yes; is Master Dupré much hurt? is he at the surgeon's?"

"No, ma'am, they're bringing him here; and I ran afore 'em, to prepare ye like. He's broke his arm, that's all."

"Thank God!" said Mary, as she sank back in her chair; and another double rap announced the arrival of the bearers with Lionel.

It was a simple fracture; but the shoulder had been sprained in the fall, and was exceedingly painful; the surgeon feared fever,

and recommended quiet for a day or two. We need not say that, under Mary's experienced nursing, his orders were strictly attended to, and her young brother rapidly recovered.

It was the day after he had removed to the sitting-room, that Mr. Lawrence entered with a grave and sad countenance, to bid him farewell. He spoke briefly, offered a few words of advice on general topics, never once alluded to the cause of his dismissal, and shook hands affectionately with his late pupil as he concluded.

Mary was touched, and her voice slightly faltered as she said "I am sure, Mr. Lawrence, if ever Lionel has any thing in his power which may tend to promote your happiness, he will not forget that it is a debt he owes you;" and she looked towards her

brother as if expecting him to confirm her words.

There was a slight impatience in his tone as, raising himself on his elbow, he replied, "of course, of course; Mr. Lawrence must feel that. If Bigley was not such a complete ass—such a bigoted fool—but I can't undo it now;" and he turned restlessly on the couch where he lay.

"True," said Mr. Lawrence, hastily, "and we will hope all is for the best. Farewell! And God bless you," added he earnestly, as he turned to Mary. "God bless you, and assist you in your task."

His eye fell on young Dupré as he uttered the last words, and Mary called to mind her father's assurance that she could act the part of a parent towards his son. It *was* a heavy task.

Oh, Lionel! my own dear brother!" said she after a pause, "I think you do not feel exactly what you have done; or how unhappy you have made two people by a foolish word."

"What is the use of fretting about it now, Mary? It is not my fault, but old Bigley's."

"No Lionel, no! And you allowed Mr. Lawrence to go so strangely:—your manner was so cold. You never even expressed a hope to hear from him, though it is the only way poor Jane Bigley can ever know how he is getting on, and though it would have been merely common civility and kindness towards one who has been with you more than two years."

"I know my manner was cold," said Lionel vehemently, "because he was so to me. Hear the difference of his 'God bless you,' to *you*, and his farewell to me. He never even alluded to Jane or to himself, or in any way appeared

to expect me to feel for him: and that was exactly what chilled and provoked me. He advised me on other subjects,—on topics of education,—but he never spoke to me as if I had a human heart beating in my breast. He never seemed to feel that I *must* be grieved at doing him an injury, but avoided it all. He never did understand me, and I hate cold reserved people!"

"Perhaps," said Mary, gently, "he wished to avoid all that might appear like a reproach to you. I do not see how you could expect him to speak *first* on the subject of that day's dispute. But you should have mastered any little feeling of irritation at his supposed coldness: few young men, Lionel, would have behaved with so much sense and sweet temper. He is going home to his widowed mother, (to whose income he annually added a trifle while he was in regular employment,) to be rather

a burden than a support, till he can again find a situation like that he lost through your imprudence. He is suffering under great disappointment, and great anxiety for the future. Indeed, Lionel, you are very blind if you do not see that he is a most amiable young man!"

"I see that *you* are an angel, Mary!" said her brother, as the tears gathered in his eyes, and he flung his arms round her neck: "And all that you could have wished said to-day, I will write to Lawrence to-morrow; and neither he, nor you, nor any one, shall have to complain of my want of heart for the future! Will that do, sister Mary?"

And the lovely face beamed on her for a moment with an expression like her own, but kindled into intense and eager beauty. "So look the seraphim," thought Mary: and she gazed fondly on him; for those gleams of light were precious in her eyes, and they became

fewer and fainter, as it seemed to her, in proportion as he ceased to be a child.

There was a long, long pause. Mary pictured to herself the young tutor's return home. In fancy she went over the arguments he would make use of to persuade his mother that he was *not* distressed, or disappointed, or impoverished by this sudden change of settled plans. She thought of the hopes he might suggest; the cheering and affectionate speeches he would make. In fancy she saw their little meal concluded, and the two chairs drawn closer to the fire; and *then*, perhaps, the confession made that something bitterer than poverty or difficulties weighed on the son's heart: that a dream of a quiet comfortable home had been destroyed by a boy's folly, and the want of as much money as would purchase a buhl book-case.

Lionel spoke: she started. "Yes," said he,

"I'm heartily glad I'm going to Eton; and glad too that it has all been managed *for* me. I intended to have so decided when I came home that day. Lord Alfred Arlington, and Jack Conolly, (who were the only men who did not leap over me as I lay in the ditch, and stopped to see if I was dead or alive,) both said I had been brought up like a girl. Lord Alfred is only a year older than I am, and he has been alone to Jack Conolly's shooting place in Ireland, and has a filly to start for the Doncaster cup next races. It is quite ridiculous the care that has been taken of me, and thank God it's over now, and I'm a free man!"

Mary did not answer, but she sighed. And Lionel knew there was disappointment and displeasure in her sigh.

CHAPTER V.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own.

SHAKSPEARE.

Now, master Slender?————
Alas! I'd rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowled to death with turnips.

IBID.

AFTER Lionel's departure for Eton, Mary's heart sank more than it had yet done. The constant interest and constant excitement which his presence kept alive being over, she had more leisure to think of herself, and her

own situation: and more leisure too to brood over what are termed imaginary griefs, by which, as it appears to me, are meant, all vexations which in no way affect our outward and visible comforts.

Whether these are of a class more easily borne than annoyances to which, being more palpable, we can oppose more resistance, I leave to my readers; and for my own part think, with Mary Dupré, that many things are real trials, which appear only slight discomforts; and that as no man is so sorely wounded that he cannot feel the shaking of the litter on which he is borne, so there is no grief, however engrossing, which can prevent our feeling the pressure of daily petty discomforts. Nay, sorrow will only increase our sensitiveness to them. A sound mind, like a sound body, flings off in its cheerful strength, what the sore heart shrinks from

without escaping: and elasticity of spirits will often enable us to bear without murmuring what no voluntary resolution could have made tolerable.

Another argument may be alleged in excuse of the apparently disproportionate degree of courage with which we meet the greater and the lesser evils of human life. We are accustomed to *prepare* in some sort for the former: we do, as the poet expresses it,

Nerve ourselves to bear,

and make a sort of glory of resistance, as though in baffling sorrow we contended with an enemy, and determined to conquer, or silently feel the sword and die.

For the every day ills of existence there is no such effort at preparation; or *if* made, we sink at last. The bow cannot always be bent. The languid hour creeps on, when the cloud and the storm seem darker and heavier,

and the strength is gone from our hearts. We cease to make a stand against defeat, and as the evidence of continuous suffering becomes apparent in the harsher tone, the quicker retort, or the lagging laugh that irritates the jester, our fellow creatures judge us, and say we are grown peevish.

Peevish, Mary Dupré was not; it was not in her nature; but she was dispirited, and day by day what had been borne so long, seemed more difficult to bear. The vulgarity and homeliness of feeling, the coarse merriment, the unintellectual tastes of the people she now associated with, had never been so evident to her while she could talk over old days with Lionel, and mingling with *his* pursuits and *his* studies, live as it were apart from those by whom she was surrounded.

Now, her mornings were passed alone. She could no longer watch that handsome brow

bending attentively over the open page, nor repress with gentle words the capricious eagerness with which, despising the slowly-acquired knowledge, her young dreamer indulged in theories and speculations of his own. And the evenings, which had been gradually taking a colour from the tastes of the majority who took part in them, resumed their original insipidity.

Rosabel, *little* Rosabel, as she was still called by her elder sisters, though she shot up like a slight creeper with crimson blossoms, now and then carolled out a fragment of some half-forgotten song; and *once* Mr. Bigley, junior, inopportunely observed, "Are we never to have any reading, or anything of that sort again?" to the manifest confusion of his sister Jane, who had been Frank Lawrence's most attentive listener while those readings lasted.

But in general every member of the family

seemed contented to return to the way in which they spent their time before the arrival of Miss Dupré and her brother. Mrs. Bigley went to sleep, the girls whispered and pinched each other, Mr. Bigley, senior and junior read the newspaper, and Jane and Mary worked,—reading (unless aloud), being voted impolite, in spite of the want of conversation. Rosabel, who did exactly as she pleased, either added four rows to a bead purse, nursed the cat upon her knee, or, (which happened much more frequently), lay down on the rug like a young fawn under a tree, and remained there watching the shape of the coals, with her sly half-closed black eyes, till the usual reproof was elicited from Jane,—Rosa, Rosa, how your face is burnt; *do* get up and employ yourself;" which sometimes met with ready obedience, and sometimes only produced de-

termined resistance and a new and more obstinately *reposing* attitude on the rug.

Anxiously did Mary look forward to Lionel's holidays, as the greatest refreshment her monotonous life was capable of affording. His letters were affectionate, and she did not, or would not see, that when he was amused he forgot to write, and that he appeared to have formed no new friendships, but to hang by Lord Alfred Arlington, the young gentleman who had so considerately avoided treading on him as he lay in the ditch. The letter which announced the vacation, announced also the non-arrival of the writer, couched in the following terms:—

"Jack Conolly has asked me to spend my holidays with him; Arlington is to be there, and one or two other acquaintances. I have written to Mr. Patterson, in Edinburgh, to

acquaint him, and his answer is very civil and satisfactory. Of course Mr. Bigley cannot object either, to my mingling with companions of my own age and rank in life; and if he were to oppose my going, it would only create a dissension between us without preventing the visit I intend to pay. Mention this your own way, which always answers, and believe me, &c."

Mary *did* mention it, and perceived strong displeasure in every line of Mr. Bigley's countenance; there was also a baffled, puzzled look, when she mentioned Lionel's having written to Mr. Patterson; and he was very cross to his wife and all the girls during that evening. All this she saw; but she did not see or hear the eager consultation which took place between the attorney and his wife, as to the probable effect of this unexpected resolution on the part of his unmanageable ward.

"Well," said the attorney, as he prepared to close the unsatisfactory debate, "he is evidently as headstrong and selfish a lad as ever trod shoe-leather; and if he gets among these people, they'll soon ruin him and leave little of his five thousand a-year. I'll tell you what, my dear, it mayn't be worth Rosa's while to marry him after all; she's pretty enough to pick and choose for herself, and, may be, his betters may fancy her yet."

"La, Mr. B.!" was Mrs. Bigley's sole reply, so astounded was she at her mate's oration; and like a true woman, she could not help thinking that Lionel's beauty added greatly to his fortune, and that "it would be a pity such a sweet pretty couple should not come together."

There seemed to be a spell against the union of couples in the Bigley house, for in the spring of the third year of Mary's residence

there, she was reduced to the necessity of hearing and refusing the proposals of Mr. Henry Bigley, who, addressing her as she stood pruning a rose-tree which had grown long and straggling during the winter, and fixing his eyes upon her yellow garden gloves, declared that his sole and highest ambition was to become possessor of the small white hand they shrouded.

For once Mary felt piqued and offended; for once the glance of contempt, irrepressible and unrepressed, shot from her eyes and kindled on her brow, gave to her pale cheek the colour which it wanted, and to her figure the majesty which its fair and perfect proportions promised, but which a slight and habitual stoop destroyed to the eye of a common observer. But the glance of proud and angry feeling passed away, and it was with her usual placid smile that she answered her admirer.

"I know not, Mr. Henry, what encouragement my manner may have given to embolden you to make this proposal; or in what way I have engaged your affections, considering that we have very rarely even conversed together, and that perhaps no two people ever lived so long under the same roof, who knew so little of each other. Your father has shewn me great kindness"——

"My father knows of my attachment," hastily interrupted Henry Bigley, "and told me you were now of age, and could dispose of yourself independently even of your brother, five hundred a-year being settled upon you by your father's will."

"It is true," said Mary; "I thank heaven I can make a free choice, and if I ever marry it will be after exerting that power. I regret that I cannot allow you to believe my choice would ever fall upon you."

"You said just now that we did not know each other, Miss Dupré," persisted her suitor. "Give me hope! let me look forward to deserving you!"

"Mr. Henry Bigley," said Mary, "I beg we may understand each other. This conversation is finished, not to be renewed. No time, no circumstances, can ever make me change my mind, and you will only weary me by persisting."

So saying she departed, and leaving Mr. Henry Bigley to cultivate the garden at his leisure, walked towards the house. Jane met her in the vestibule, and timidly asked leave to accompany her to her room. The permission was accorded, and Mary waited till her visitor should speak. But Jane was not eloquent; and after two or three faltering attempts, she merely said, with a sudden clasp

of her hands,—" I am sure, dear Miss Dupré, that you have refused my brother; and all I wished to say was, that I hope you will consider; that you will not allow his want of fortune, or plainness of looks, or want of elegance, to weigh with you; indeed he has the best of dispositions and a very clear head; and it is not beauty or riches that will make one happy, but being loved, as he loves you. Oh! do think it over, dear, *dear* Miss Dupré, for it is a bitter trial to lose what one loves."

When Mary was left alone, she did " think it over," and the result was, that she ardently wished there was a possibility of her finding a home without remaining under the Bigley roof. Lionel was too young as yet to offer one, and to whom could she turn?

Wild and impossible plans suggested themselves, of appeals to Lord Clavering as her mo-

ther's nearest relative; and then she thought of again returning to Madeira, where the Morrisons might befriend her, and where at least she would be among those who had shewn kindness to her father.

But Lionel, what was to be done with him? *He* was content to be in England, with Jack Conolly and his newly-acquired set, and Mary was to live not for herself, but for *him*. The embarrassment with which she met Mr. Bigley, senior, who had so accurately determined the moment when she might dispose of herself and her five hundred a-year, was far greater than that which restrained her manner when speaking to his son; and her gratitude to heaven, when, on the ensuing morning, she received the following epistle, may be imagined better than described:—

"*Spring Gardens, London.*

"My dear madam,

"Though no one thought of applying to *me* at the time your poor father died, and though every one has chosen to consider me as a complete cipher in family matters, yet, having made enquiries of Mr. Patterson, and finding you are paying your board with the wife of the other trustee, and are thrown entirely into such society as they can assemble around you, I write to give you the option of coming to *me*. I am infirm and old, (older than my brother, the late Sir W. Clavering,) and, for years past, have been accustomed to *hire* comfort in the shape of a companion. The person who filled that capacity is just dead. Will you supply her place? I dare say the word *companion* will frighten you, but don't be alarmed; I want no drudge, no educated being to fill a me-

nial office. I want some one who will stir my fire or shut my window without being *told* that I am shivering, or suffocated; some one who can read to me or chat with me when I am well, and bear with my peevishness when I am ill; some one, in short, who will really be to me 'a companion,' and a friend. And, believe me, although you may think me and my house dull, you shall not have to complain for the want of *wish* to make you comfortable. I am rich (for a widow lady, who has no one to support but herself,) and you will have no expence in my house but that of your dress. I hope to hear from you as soon as is convenient. Mr. Patterson informs me that you have a sweet and cheerful temper, and that in person you are rather pleasing than beautiful. All this satisfies me better than the words 'lovely and accomplished,' which are so much

the fashion now-a-days; and, trusting what I propose will answer to both of us,

"I remain, dear madam, with sincere regard,

"Your grand-aunt,

"CATHERINE BOLTON.

"P.S. I shall expect your brother during the vacations, and beg you will both consider my house as your home till my death."

Mary laid down the letter, and covered her face with her hands. Could it be possible? Had she indeed found a friend, a home, a pleasant resting-place, at the moment when she most needed it; or was all a dream—a delirium of her feverish and over-wrought spirits—an illusion of the senses? Again she perused the kind, though bluntly-worded missive, and fancied she recollected hearing her father speak of this very Mrs. Bolton, Sir W. Clavering's sister, who had married an

American gentleman of large property; a glad and grateful acquiescence was hastily written and sent, and Mary descended to inform the Bigleys of this change in her prospects.

They heard it with surprise, with vexation, and with what appeared to Mary strongly to resemble anger and resentment.

"Well, Miss Mary, you will do as you please," said Mr. Bingley, senior, while his son stood, in speechless consternation, gazing on the fair offender. "I *did* think that after you'd got used to us all, and made yourself comfortable here, you'd settle down till such time as Master Lionel should—hem!—should marry. We've done our best; and I don't think two hundred a-year much, considering wine and"——

"Oh, my dear sir, do not think"——

But Mr. Bigley continued, heedless of the crimson in Mary's cheek:

"I don't think, I say, that two hundred a-year is over-much; and if it's the thoughts of my son's attachment"——

"Mr. Bigley!"— interposed Mary once more; but Mr. B. was merciless.

"If it's my son, I say, *I* can quiet him; and it shall all be as if nothing had ever been said on the subject. Come, Miss Dupré, shall it be a bargain? and will you refuse the old lady's offer, and stay amongst us?"

"When I first conversed with Mr. Patterson and yourself, sir, on this very subject," said Mary, with a pained and faltering voice, "you both regretted that none of my mother's relations would extend their protection to two friendless orphans; it has now pleased God to move one heart with compassion towards us; and though, believe me, I never can forget the kindness which prompted you to offer me a home on my first arrival, I

consider it my duty, as it is avowedly my inclination, to embrace Mrs. Bolton's proposal, and I have written to say so."

"You have written! already!" ejaculated several members of the family with unrestrained astonishment; and Mr. Bigley muttered, half-aloud,

"You are in a mighty hurry, young madam, to walk off, and be a fine lady's humble companion."

Mary replied not to the taunt, which she could not avoid overhearing; but she felt hurt and surprised. Bitterness was always to her incomprehensible, and Mr. Bigley's feelings on this occasion were to her a mystery.

Doubtless the irritation under which the little attorney laboured was partly connected with Lionel, whose intimacy with Rosabel's family appeared very likely to diminish in-

stead of increasing; but he was also actuated by a feeling peculiar to narrow, selfish, vulgar minds. He grudged what he did not give. There are some people so constituted, that, although they will exert themselves to the utmost to serve and befriend you, though they will share their purse with you, watch you in sickness, and advance your interests with the greatest apparent eagerness, they would yet oppose and prevent any other person befriending you. They resent as an injury your receiving aid from any hands but their own; and are as willing to oppress you when rising without their assistance, as they seemed formerly eager to help you to rise. Mr. Bigley belonged to the class of those, who *do not choose you to climb, unless with their ladder.*

The answer to Mary's letter to her grand-

aunt was brought by that lady's housekeeper, who was to convey Miss Dupré to town, Mrs. Bolton not considering it "seemly" that her new companion should travel alone, and having never reckoned upon a guardianship much dreaded by the latter, viz., the protection of Mr. Bigley himself, in all the sullenness of his new mood. Mary was pleased at the attention thus paid her, and at the kindness of Mrs. Bolton's note, which ran as follows:

"My dear child,

"You have made an old woman very happy. I neither knew you nor the folks you are living amongst, so was not quite sure what answer my first letter might receive. I have had every thing made quite ready for your reception, and hope to see you safe on Wednesday evening. I had once a dear little girl of my own, and you will fill her

place in my heart; all I hear of you tells me so.

"Your's, with sincere regard,

"C. Bolton."

Mary's preparations were soon made. Mrs. Bigley wept as she wrapped her shawl round her, and besought her, if she intended to have a nap in the carriage, to prepare for it, and avoid rheumatism, by first drawing up all the windows, and tying a handkerchief over her bonnet. Mr. Bigley stood, with his hands in his pockets, whistling a tune, which he interrupted from time to time with directions to his servant: "Put that box behind—the books in the front pocket—the portmanteau in front;" and then he whistled again.

There are some men who always whistle when they are in an ill-humour. When Miss Dupré appeared, he ceased to whistle, and

said doggedly, "wish you a good journey, ma'am."

Henry Bigley and his sister were the last to appear. They had been occupied in gathering the first spring flowers from the garden which had been so much improved by Mary's taste.

Mr. Bigley, junior, looked more straw-coloured, shuffling, shy, and wretched, than usual; he reddened, turned pale, looked at his father, and then steadily fixed his eyes on the front wheel of the chaise which was to carry Miss Dupré away.

Jane put the basket of flowers into the carriage, and, as Mary, having concluded her adieus to the remaining branches of the family, turned kindly towards her, she said, in a tremulous under-tone:

"You will think me very presuming—I do not mean it as a correspondence—but if

ever you have good news, or—or even bad, of Mr. Lawrence, I hope you will write to me—only a line—I hope you will!"

"Do not think I can forget you," said Mary; "nor will Lionel forget Mr. Lawrence if he should have an opportunity hereafter of serving him. I will write to you, and I hope some day you will write to *me*, to tell me that you are settled in a pretty parsonage, and perfectly happy."

Jane threw her arms round her departing friend's neck, and sobbed out a good-bye, in which, perhaps, was mingled some remembrance of the very constrained adieu she was forced to take of her lover; the steps were let down, and in three minutes more the wheels rolled rapidly through the market-place: and Mr. Bigley senior, pulling Mr. Bigley junior, roughly by the arm, muttered, "come in, and don't make a fool of yourself."

CHAPTER VI.

A safe companion, and an easy friend.

POPE.

I 've sene lord, and I 've sene laird,
And knights of high degree;
Bot a fairer face than young Waters
Mine eyne did never see.

ANCIENT BALLAD.

It was late in the evening when our travellers arrived in Spring Gardens. Mary was gentle, but not timid. The habit of thinking and deciding for herself, and even for others;—of receiving strangers, and such people as her father was too ill to converse with;—of acting on all occasions as the mistress of his

house,—had given her manner a composure and self-possession unusual at her age, and had also produced an habitual gravity, almost melancholy, rarely broken by laughter, a slow and gentle smile alone testifying her ready sympathy in the joy or merriment of others.

It was with a feeling of gratitude, therefore, unmixed with shyness or fear, that she prepared to enter the presence of her grand-aunt. As she ascended the wide and well-carpeted staircase, the landing-place of which was decorated with a few hot-house flowers, carefully trimmed, the sensation of *comfortable* elegance came back to remind her of her father's house.

The sudden recollection of old days a little unnerved our heroine, and when the drawing-room door was flung open, (that drawing-room, so different from the room sacred to the memory of Hyacinth Bigley,) the tears

which trembled in her eyes dimmed her view of old Mrs. Bolton.

That lady was seated in the most comfortable of crimson arm-chairs, with a small gold snuff-box open in her hand, and a little white dog asleep on a red velvet cushion at her feet. She stretched out her hands as Mary entered, and a gentleman who had apparently been reading to her, rose and bowed as he closed his book. Betwixt her emotion, and the swiftness with which she advanced to receive the gouty old lady's welcome, Mary did not at first perceive this individual, and it was not till turning her blushing face away from Mrs. Bolton's complimentary speech, "I hope Mr. Patterson has not deceived me in other respects, as he has about your beauty," that she met his kind smile, and as she met it blushed still deeper.

"Let me introduce you to each other," said

the old lady:—"Mr. William Clavering, Miss Dupré: he is a sort of distant cousin of yours and of mine, and has thought it no waste of time to come now and then and sit with a dull and lonely old woman, since I have lost my companion."

"Old, but not dull," said the person she spoke of, as he took her hand.—"Good night! I hope I shall not be less welcome in Spring Gardens now you *have* a companion," and with another bow to Mary he was gone.

Many subjects were discussed in the course of that evening between Mary and her grand-aunt. Descriptions of her father's death;—anecdotes of her brother's childhood;—of her residence at Norfolk, and of the people there; all was drawn forth by the questions of Mrs. Bolton, and everything appeared to interest her.

In return she described to Mary the perfec-

tions of her lost daughter, who had died just as she was growing up to woman's estate;—the mode of living in North America;—some adventures during a tour in the back settlements, which when a young bride she insisted on making with her husband; and even ventured on an amusing caricature sketch of the manner and dialect of a yankee gentleman who wished to marry her after the death of Mr. Bolton.

Mary liked her grand-aunt; and the more because it was evident she was taking pains to remove any feeling of *strangeness* which might exist between such new acquaintances.

At length the old lady paused. "Ring the bell, my love, for I am tired, and must go to bed."

Mary obeyed, and the summons was answered by Mrs. Bolton's own maid.

"Swinden, this is the young lady who is come to live with me, not as companion, but as my daughter. Show Miss Dupré her room, and then come back to me."

"I hope, Miss," said Swinden, "that you will find every thing comfortable: and I hope," added she, after a moment's pause, "that now you are come, my dear lady's spirits will be better."

"Dear me!" said Mary, with some surprise, "is Mrs. Bolton generally sad?"

"She's low like, sometimes, and difficult to please; very low lately, except the days Mr. Clavering comes."

"And when her companion was here?"

"Oh, bless you, Miss! she did not do much good: she gave a deal more trouble than she did good, and was always and ever grumbling. This was her room."

"Did she die here?" said Mary, looking

round with an instinctive feeling of awe and dread.

"No, she died at Hastings: she worried my lady's life out, to be sent to Hastings, and the cold she caught going, killed her."

One more question rose to Mary's lips, but it was not spoken, and the attendant retired. "Does Mr. Clavering come often?" What made her wish to know: and so wishing, what made her fear to ask?

That inexplicable consciousness which makes us shrink from the idea of another guessing the interest we take, when it appears unwarrantable even to ourselves, checked the enquiry. But though so many subjects had been started during that long evening, it was not of Madeira, or the back settlements of America;—not of a childless old woman's fancies, nor of her own new position;—not of the present or the past, that Mary thought, as she laid her

head on her pillow,—but of William Clavering.

"How very foolish," thought she with a smile, as for the thirtieth time *his* smile returned to her memory; "I could not have thought mere beauty would have struck me so. And after all he is not near so handsome as Lionel."

It was *not* mere beauty which had so forcibly taken hold of the imagination of our heroine: it was the instinctive trust in *expression;* in the

> Powers that lie
> Within the magic circle of the eye,

and which told in that one glance, so much of kindness, generosity, and firmness.

And yet William Clavering's was a beauty rare even amongst that handsome race, our English aristocracy. His dark blue eyes, his

broad fair forehead, and the magnificent and determined brow which contradicted the effeminacy of a somewhat too delicately moulded mouth, his curling brown hair and distinguished figure, formed a whole which many a woman's heart had already treasured up, and many an artist's pencil commemorated.

Mary almost hesitated ere she fell asleep whether it were not a preferable *style* to that of the restless and violent Lionel.

She fell asleep and dreamed: dreamed that by some strange concatenation of circumstances, her brother was condemned to be beheaded; but that after days of agony, the king had entrusted her with his signet in token of pardon, and bid her hasten with it to the place of execution. As she advanced through the crowd, she beheld Clavering, and paused to gaze on him. That pause, though but of a minute's duration, sealed the fate of

young Lionel, and she woke with a start and exclamation, fancying she held the signet ring high in the air in vain,—that the headsman's stroke had just severed those auburn curls from the white neck, and that the long black lashes were sinking over the eye whose glance had been so full of fire.

She dreamed and woke. It was the first time William Clavering ever haunted her dreams—*but not the last!*

CHAPTER VII.

Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.

MILTON.

WHEN Mary rose in the morning, the broad sun beamed into the windows of her apartment, which afforded a view of the trees in Saint James's Park just bursting into leaf, and wearing that ephemeral look of freshness, so rare amid the smoke and dust and broiling heat of London. Her room was large, and carefully furnished and decorated with all that

ingenuity has contrived of luxury and comfort. "Surely I have much cause to be thankful," thought she, as she raised her eyes to the cloudless sky, and remembered that this was henceforth to be her home; and she remained musing on the events of her passed life till summoned to the breakfast table.

Mrs. Bolton was there; as familiarly kind as on the previous evening. An air of quiet comfort pervaded the whole establishment, and every thing (to use Mrs. Bigley's favourite phrase), "went on like clock-work."

Mary's first task as companion, was to read an amusing volume of travels aloud to her grand-aunt, who complimented her much on the distinctness of her utterance and correct emphasis. After this a number of geraniums, gardineas, and other favourite plants, together with sundry attentions to bulfinches, canaries, and a yellow cockatoo, claimed her

care; and some observations on the treatment of the flowers of foreign growth having brought on a discussion of some length and interest, Mary undertook to raise some seeds brought from Madeira, and plan a glass verandah to the drawing-room window by way of conservatory.

In the evening William Clavering paid Mrs. Bolton a visit, and the time passed rapidly away in agreeable conversation, interspersed with anecdotes to which the wit and keen perception of the ridiculous which distinguished Mr. Clavering, gave a brilliancy which made trifles amusing. When he was gone, Mrs. Bolton asked Mary, whether she did not think him one of the pleasantest persons she had ever met.

"I have seen so few people, and those of such a different stamp," said Mary, "that I am scarcely a judge. But I think it must be

rare to meet any one who is at once so droll and entertaining, and yet so eager about serious things. And he seems so indulgent, and so ready to admire the talents of other men,—another quality I should think witty and clever people did not always possess."

"No; there is a species of wit, unfortunately too common, which consists in a continual sneer at the defects or mistakes of others; a habit of turning every thing into ridicule, which I cannot endure, and from which William Clavering is totally free."

"I am afraid, ma'am," said Mary with a half sigh, "that I shall never be able to amuse you as he does. I could not tell a commonplace story, so as to make it entertaining,—I feel that I have no drollery in my composition."

"I do not think, my dear, that I am so selfish as to wish you had. It is so rare that

'drollery,' as you term it, or even wit, is seemly or graceful in a young woman; the proneness to satire, the temptation to caricature, make it at best a dangerous talent;—a thousand sayings are attributed to you which you know nothing of, and the reputation of being witty, converts slight acquaintances into bitter enemies. Indeed, I think the less *brilliant* a woman's qualities and talents are, the better for her peace of mind and respectability through life."

"And yet, surely," said Mary, "the power of amusing others is an enviable talent,—it is one at least which I have often envied."

"You over-rate it, my dear child; consider how easy it is to create a laugh. There is scarcely any subject, however serious, (I had almost said sacred,) that may not be so treated as to be made ridiculous; there is scarcely any one who could not be reckoned amusing in their

own idle set, if they chose to over-step the usual limits of conversation. Examine most of the jests which pass current in society, and you will be surprised to find how much coarseness of expression and licence of thought, abuse of one's neighbour, or immoral boasting, has been mistaken for wit. And those who laugh, do not always approve. I myself have frequently, when I was young and thoughtless, involuntarily smiled at speeches which not only I would have shrunk from making, but which it would have given me real vexation to hear from the lips of any one I loved or respected."

"I feel that you are right," said Miss Dupré, "but yet the talent is prized and encouraged in society. People are asked to agreeable houses because they are known to be entertaining."

"Yes, and neglected and forgotten when they cease to be entertaining. There is no quality which has so little the power of con-

verting its admirers into friends. Look at the career of men of known wit and celebrity in that way;—for a while they are stars; too much court cannot be paid them, nor too many dinners made for them; roars of laughter follow their lightest sally, and others are silent that they may speak. But when they grow old and stupid; when gout has made them peevish, or care has made them dull; when some newer constellation has risen to throw them into the shade, they are voted bores, and scratched off the dinner list: or, if some few, remembering the days of boon companionship, still continue to invite them, they find *their* turn for silence is come; they sit unnoticed and forgotten, except when some old friend remarks, how very dull Mr. So-and-so is grown; and those who are professed listeners, listen to a newer object of attraction."

"You will think me quite incorrigible," said Mary smiling, "if I venture to make one other observation. Surely, even if people are ungrateful enough to forget those who formerly amused them, it must be pleasant *while it lasts.* No one can run an even course of success all their lives, and old age has many worse accompaniments than dulness."

"True, my love, true; but it is *not* always pleasant while it lasts, even to the possessor. I recollect, (since I must come to confessions before I can cure you of wishing to be 'droll'), I recollect when I was young, I was remarked for this very talent,—a talent the less to be envied, since it requires merely high spirits, a desire to shine, and a moderate share of intellect in its possessor. My sayings were quoted, I was thought amusing; I made repartees to my enemies, and narrated stories for my friends; and I assure you, Mary, that

many an hour of self-reproach followed those momentary triumphs, that I would have given worlds to recal some stinging reproach or light observation, and would often rather have been reckoned dull, than have had the reputation (which I had), of being capable of giving up my dearest friend for the sake of a bon-môt."

Whether Mary was at all convinced by her grand-aunt's oration, or at all inclined to believe that it was better *not* to have the power of entertaining, cannot now be known. Most counsels which jar with the listener's opinions are useless; they are not believed at first, and by the time experience has proved their truth, it is too late to profit by them.

"Has Mr. Clavering a profession?" asked Mary, after a pause.

"Yes, certainly, he is at the bar; you know

he is only third son to Lord Clavering, and it is a poor peerage, so that it is of consequence he should advance in his profession. They say he is amazingly clever; and many of his friends have wished him to enter parliament, but I suppose his father thinks *seniority* is the best claim to serve one's country; and is content that his eldest son should sit for the borough of Wellingby."

"Perhaps it would only draw his mind from the dry study of the law.—Is his brother a young man?"

"The eldest is many years older; a roué and dissipated man, with selfish habits and broken health. The second is an attaché at one of the foreign courts, and has been abroad almost all his life, but to him William Clavering seems much attached. His poor mother, the late Lady Clavering, was one of my dearest friends, and this was her favourite son."

"He seems to be fond of you, and to come very often," said Mary.

"He has been very often lately, pitying me for being so much alone; but previously I had a very slight knowledge of him. Mr. Bolton was on very indifferent terms with the Claverings, and we were very little in England. But the evenings he *has* spared me from his hours of study or of pleasure, have attached me to him. If it had pleased God to give me a son, I would have desired no other than William Clavering."

"Ah," thought Mary, "he will not come now. He will know that I am here to read and talk to my grand-aunt, and will think it no longer necessary to sacrifice so much time to her."

And Mary's prophecy was partly correct. Mr. Clavering did not visit them nearly so often,

nor did he stay nearly so long; occasionally he had difficult cases to read through and master, or he was engaged with friends, and was unable to come. But his visits, when they did occur, were welcomed as holidays.

Meanwhile Mary grew more and more obstinate in her opinion, that the power of amusing others was a power to be envied; and Clavering unconsciously acquired the habit, while speaking, of glancing towards her who understood so well and sympathised so quickly in all he said.

And ever as he turned and met the ready and approving smile of those sweet lips, and the gaze of those dove-like eyes, an exulting and triumphant feeling swelled in his heart, and a general benevolence for all human beings who trod the same earth with themselves, animated his breast. Every thing seemed more or less *couleur de rose*, because one pale

and gentle girl, living as a sort of companion with old Mrs. Bolton of Spring Gardens, appeared pleased with his conversation, and listened attentively while he was reading.

But it is not to be supposed that every day passed in feeding bulfinches, rearing plants, and talking over old passages in Mrs. Bolton's history. Nor is it to be imagined that Lord Clavering's third son was the only society our heroine enjoyed in her new home. Miss Dupré's grand-aunt had been more popular than the disclaiming modesty of her speech upon "drollery" would have led any one who had heard it, to believe. She had many friends, and as soon as the bursting of buds and flowers, and the delicious feeling of the spring air, warned those in the country that this was the time to repair to town, and struggle through a London season; the moment the golden laburnum and perfumed lilach, which were gradu-

ally to fade unseen, and the showers of may-blossoms that whitened the ground beneath the hawthorn-trees on their pleasure-grounds, reminded them that balls, operas, and soirées were beginning; the moment the windows in Spring Gardens could be thrown open, to admit the fresh breeze to the early jonquils and hyacinths within the room, *then* Mrs. Bolton (who had sate alone during the fogs of November, the mud of December, and the dull damp cold of January), had plenty of visitors.

Of these, some were stupid, some clever; some were rattling gossips, and some ceremoniously formal; many were exceedingly pleasant and well-informed, and many exceedingly dull.

But good, bad, or indifferent, there was, as Mrs. Bolton justly remarked, something to be learned from all; and as there is no education so useful to a shrewd and keen intellect as

much mingling with the world, Mary became conscious that her mind expanded, her reasoning powers increased, her understanding became more vigorous, and her judgment more accurate. She conversed fluently and agreeably, and became a favourite with many of Mrs. Bolton's visitors, who used occasionally to prefer a petition that Miss Dupré might be "spared for one evening to go to the Opera," or "attend a musical soirée, where there was to be some amateur singing, &c."

These invitations Mary gently but resolutely declined. She had no wish to mingle in that strange set who call themselves "the world;" and she was too proud to owe an obligation to strangers; but had her desire to share in the amusements proposed to her been ever so great, and her reluctance to accept favours ever so small, she had learned enough of Mrs.

Bolton's character to feel that it would be a subject of sore displeasure.

Mary Dupré's grand-aunt was a woman of a clear head, and a warm heart; but continual bodily suffering, infirmity, and early sorrow, had gradually produced their effect. No temper was ever more unequal and capricious; no one ever exacted more attention and obedience.

She really loved Mary, and often on the days when she was sufficiently at ease to think of the comforts of her companion, she would propose an airing, "to give her a colour," or bestow a velvet dress, or in some way testify that she was conscious there was some sacrifice in a young girl submitting, without a murmur, to live in a hot drawing-room, reading or writing for the benefit of another, without any variety in the monotony of her

existence, and without any other mode of enjoying the fresh air than an airing in a close carriage, with a fat little lap-dog and a gouty old lady.

And Mary loved her, and said the truth, when she affirmed that she was happy and contented. But there *were* days when dear old Mrs. Bolton was insufferable. She did not taunt, she did not fly into a passion; but she wore and worried the spirits of those around her with a peevishness like that of a teething child; no effort could satisfy her, no amusement distract her; and a suspicious and restless manner of watching how her ill-temper was borne, added to the irritation it produced. She was indeed on those occasions, as Swinden, her maid, expressed it, "low-like, and difficult to be pleased;" but Mary's unchanging and enduring sweetness of disposition enabled her to bear it without

a murmur. "Let me not forget," she would say to herself, "that though she treats me as a daughter, I came to her as a companion. I wrote eagerly to accept her offer, and would have been happy on harder terms to leave Norfolk."

Once Mrs. Bolton alluded to her own peevish irritability, and was struck by her young relation's answer. It was at the close of a lovely afternoon in June, when the old lady was lying in a drowsy state in her easy chair, recovering from a fit of pain endured some hours before. There were two or three intimate friends who were always admitted, unless the invalid was confined to her room, and amongst these was a young American lady, a pretty, gentle creature, of whom Mary was exceedingly fond, and who was a great favourite with her grand-aunt. Previous to the announcement of this visitor, our heroine had

been reading at the table. The volume was a ponderous quarto, and Mrs. Bolton impatiently exclaimed as she turned over the page, "how you do rattle those leaves; don't you see that I can't bear the least noise?"

Mary did not answer further than a murmured apology; but when Mrs. Leslie Irving was announced, she rose hastily, and, motioning the servant back, said,

"No, no; my aunt is not well enough for visitors."

"How tiresome you are, child; it will refresh me exceedingly; I have not seen a creature to-day."

"I beg your pardon," said Mary; and Mrs. Leslie Irving was admitted.

For a short time the young Philadelphian exerted herself to entertain her hostess, but finding that her attempts at conversation produced no answer but a discontented moan,

and that the invalid seemed to have dropped off into a slumber, she desisted, and turned her attention entirely to Miss Dupré, with whom she continued chatting, in an undertone, till Mrs. Bolton interrupted peevishly:

"What are you two young people talking about, that you are afraid I should hear you?"

"We thought you were asleep, ma'am," said Mary.

"Asleep! nonsense; you knew I could not be asleep, while some one was talking in the room; pray speak out, Mrs. Leslie, pray do."

A few more sentences were accordingly uttered, and Mrs. Leslie Irving was preparing to depart, when the invalid exclaimed,

"Dear me, dear me, do you suppose I can bear this? Do you think I am strong and as able to endure noise as girls of twenty? Really, Mary, one would think you did it on purpose."

"I am so sorry I came in," murmured the little American as she pressed her friend's hand; "I have only disturbed you."

She had been gone some time, and the slanting beams of the evening sun were stealing across the picture of Mrs. Bolton's daughter, which hung on the opposite side of the room, when that lady said, with a heavy sigh,—

"Confess, child, that you think me unjust and ill-tempered."

"I, madam! I, my dear, kind friend?" ejaculated Mary, as she rose and moved towards the speaker.

"Yes; I don't mean always, but occasionally — to-day, for instance; allow that you thought me unjust — I shall not be angry; you resented my manner of speaking to you —you thought me tyrannical."

"Oh, believe me," said her *companion*, as she lightly kissed the hand she held, "I

only thought how much you must be suffering!"

There certainly were days during those hot summer months when Mary felt that her patience was tried, and the generosity of avowing herself in the wrong was by no means habitual with her relation; but she had been so accustomed to put aside all feeling of *self*, to watch and soothe her father, and bend to her young brother's caprices, that the task was lighter to her than it would have been to another. Mary had besides, like most persons of a calm and composed exterior, deep and intense feelings of devotion and attachment. There was no mobility either in her manner or her mind. Where her heart fixed, it dwelt; and her gratitude and affection were not to be swayed here and there, like a willow branch in stormy waters. There was no irresolution or touchiness; no weighing in the

balance, services done and kindness received; no false excuses to the wayward soul, of unexpected faults and undeserved reproaches, on the part of her aged relative. A humble and grateful heart she brought with her to that first interview of cordial welcome and kindness, and with a humble and grateful heart she loved her still. Her mind was alike free from that *springiness* of power, which throws off the burden of sorrow after it has been borne for a certain time, and from that inconstancy of purpose, and uncertainty of affections, which so often takes the shape of vice and folly, without being actually caused by either. Her character was firm, resolute, and devoted, and yet with all a woman's gentleness of manner; as a fanciful German once said, "her soul dwelt in her body like a warrior's sword in a silver sheath."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Since then I have wept bitter tears,
And roam'd through far and foreign climes;
And changeful scenes, through dreary years,
Have taught me to forget old times.
I have forgotten many a face,
And many a haunt of early youth;
But *one* dear memory keeps its place—
Thy love's first glow—and earnest truth!"

Lionel Dupre wrote to his sister to express his intention of spending part of the summer vacation with his grand-aunt; a few days he had promised the Bigleys, and Lord Alfred Arlington claimed the rest, at his father's,

the Marquis of Montarlington's. He discoursed largely on the excitement and pleasure of hunting; sent Mary the pedigree in full of a horse Lord Alfred had just bought, which having thrown and killed two grooms, was appropriately named Daredevil; looked forward with eagerness to the days when he too should be able to make an equally satisfactory purchase; complained of the scantiness of his allowance, and congratulated himself on the prospect of exchanging Eton, for college terms.

Mary always begged him to write about himself and his occupations. Perhaps that was the reason he never mentioned any other human being, except in the most cursory and careless style, nor ever bored his sister with questions about *her* amusements or pursuits.

A few days previous to his arrival, Mr. Patterson, who had come from Edinburgh to Lon-

don on business, called in Spring Gardens, to see Miss Dupré. Mr. Clavering happened to be calling at the same time; and Mary was surprised to see the facility with which the same shy awkward gentleman who had met them at Portsmouth, could converse on serious topics.

Clavering had a manner so polished and deferential, he contrived so well to draw people out, that every one was at ease with him. And though the subjects chosen were not such as Mary could perfectly comprehend, being principally discussions as to the policy and wisdom of introducing so much machinery into our manufactories, and the process by which a new method of printing linens was carried on at Glasgow, still she felt interested and pleased; and she admired and loved Clavering for his manner towards one who was in all respects his inferior, and for the

courtesy which softened the bold arguments which he opposed to the narrow and prejudiced views of the Scotch Writer.

Mr. Patterson, in his turn, was flattered by a request that he would give his opinion on a difficult point of law: he decided, and William Clavering made a memorandum of his opinion in his pocket-book.

The conversation then turned on the education and pursuits of Lionel Dupré; and when Mr. Patterson at length departed, Mr. Clavering bestowed the guarded eulogium, "That is a sensible man: if he had lived more in the world it would have been better. Nothing ruins a man's power of judging, so much as living entirely in one set; and nothing makes a man so obstinate. His views on the management of your young brother, Miss Dupré, struck me as singularly correct, though I must own," added he, laughing,

"that they also gave me the impression of his being very difficult to manage."

"Ah," said Mary, eagerly, "that is because Mr. Patterson saw so little of Lionel. You do not know that we were only a few days in his company; and very few people *understand* my brother; even those who live with him, and see a great deal of him, are puzzled sometimes."

"You will think me harsh," said Mr. Clavering hesitatingly, "but in my opinion characters that are difficult to be understood are seldom very amiable. The partiality of friends frequently causes them to make mistakes respecting the dispositions of those they love; and I observe there is no shelter men so gladly avail themselves of, as that of being misunderstood. You should endeavour to see clearly, even while you reprove gently."

Mary coloured, but she did not speak; and

after a short pause, Mr. Clavering added, "You are displeased, Miss Dupré; and yet I have wished to put you on your guard—not to offend you. Mr. Patterson spoke as if you had more than a sister's authority over your brother. I would advise you to exert it to prevent his associating too much with the companions mentioned by that gentleman. Lord Montarlington is himself a spendthrift: his sons are needy and foolish: Jack Conolly (of whom you appear never to have heard) is a person notorious for his want of principle, and has subsisted by betting and gambling ever since I can remember; and most of those who are your brother's companions are men of no reputation whatever."

There was something in the anxious and persuading tone of William Clavering that touched Mary.

"If you knew Lionel," murmured she, "I

am sure you would love him. He will be here in a week, and then you can yourself advise him."

"No," answered he, abruptly, "I shall not see him. I am going the circuit to-morrow, which will detain me six weeks."

"Six weeks, Mr. Clavering?" said Mary; and she dropped the needle on her embroidery-frame, and looked up in his face. Her soft anxious eyes met his, and shrank abashed and confounded; for in his speaking gaze she read passionate enquiry, and passionate regret. There was neither word, nor sigh, nor sign, but his features wore that look never to be mistaken by the most simple, nor to be forgotten by the most worldly—THE FIRST LOOK OF LOVE.

And Mary felt and understood its power. A thrill of tenderness, of triumphant joy, sent the blood from her heart to her crimsoned

cheek, and then a marble paleness overspread her face as she bent over her work, and with a tremulous voice enquired, "Have you many briefs this session?"

Men have very rarely as much self-possession as women; and Clavering stammered out an answer, which, had information really been required, would have proved far from satisfactory. Then approaching the stand of plants which were Mary's peculiar care, he made many rapid observations on their beauty and fragrance; selected his favourites with astonishing accuracy, (considering he scarcely saw which was which,) and asked a number of questions as to the degree of resemblance the Madeira flowers bore, to the blossoms of the same plants in their native land.

"I have a curious book, if you would allow me to lend it you, Miss Dupré, showing the effects of a variety of soils on the same roots.

It is called 'Experimental Botany,' and if we may believe the compiler of the work, not only do plants flourish more or less in particular soils, but the colour of the flowers, nay, the very shape of the leaves, and its harmless or poisonous nature,

Doth alter as it alteration finds.

The blue scented blossom of a southern clime may be a small white unmeaning flower when transplanted to the north; and the fruit which is esteemed a delicacy in one country, be degraded to a showy berry, or sour poison in another. It might amuse you to read it."

"It would interest me of all things," said Mary: "I used to think all flowers might be made to grow in an English hot-house, providing they received sufficient care: but I suppose your author will make a convert of me."

"There is of course much prejudice mixed up with his information," said Clavering, "but you are not obliged to become bigoted in your opinions. It will take you some years to go through all the experiments he proposes: indeed there is one, on the flowering aloe, on which he thus satisfactorily expresses himself:

"'As it is next to impossible that I should live, even to see the first stage of this experiment, I have been careful to copy out at length all the directions necessary for continuing it, that my son may know how to proceed; and in like manner I trust he will transmit to *his* son, or even grandson, all the observations which we have both with infinite pains collected; and I do not doubt but that in time the flowering aloe may become a common seedling in the English counties.'"

Mary laughed.

"What a strange and amusing chapter that

would be," said she, "which treated of the different importance particular subjects assume to different minds."

"Yes, and rather a melancholy one, "replied Clavering, "for it would tend greatly to show how little *real* importance belongs to any human pursuit. When we observe the intense eagerness with which certain objects are pursued; the talent that is exerted; the time that is employed; the substance that is expended for the chance of success, on the one hand; and the entire and unmixed contempt with which, on the other hand, the same pursuit is viewed by other eyes, are we not shaken in our belief of its importance? Whether it be the desire of fashion or the thirst for fame; the love of books, the passion for discoveries, the anxiety for scientific improvements, or the endeavour to make the flowering aloe a common English plant, there are always thousands

to sneer and laugh, who are also in their turn sneered and laughed at."

"That is because most men apply great energies to little purposes," said Mary, gently: "and the power we inherit from our earthly Paradise of discerning good from evil, enables us only to see that those energies are wasted in others, and not to employ them better ourselves."

"Yet we must employ them in some way, or to what purpose were they given? and the bent of a man's mind is the only rule which can determine what pursuit shall seem to him most important."

"There should be another rule, and a very simple one," said Mary, as she looked earnestly up in her companion's face.

"What is it?"

"To weigh the importance of everything here, by its importance hereafter. Then there

would be no false aims, nor mistaken pursuits: nothing would be left but the active ambition of doing good."

Clavering smiled.

"You are not laughing at me?" said Mary, appealingly.

"No, Miss Dupré. No, Heaven forbid! I was merely reflecting how much the love of fame would necessarily mingle with what you term the active ambition of doing good."

"Not necessarily."

"Well, almost infallibly. Many a man has acted well that he might be well spoken of."

"An evil motive, and an uncertain one, to produce so good a result."

"It would be too long a discussion," said Clavering, glancing at the clock, "to decide whether it *be* an evil motive. I cannot but think that the love of approbation would not have been so strongly implanted in our na-

tures, if it had not been intended to be beneficial."

"In a degree, certainly, but not as a first motive."

"Your sex in general think differently: there are no such slaves to the opinion of others as women: are you an exception?"

"I hope not," said Mary, with a smile: "you know what your favourite Johnson says on the subject of braving the world's opinion. '*If it were just, it would not be possible; and if it were possible, it would not be just.*' But I miserably deceive myself," added she, earnestly, "if my first motive is not a desire to please God: and I think I could brave all censure, even blame from those I love most dearly, if I firmly and honestly believed I was acting for the best."

"I imagine," began Clavering, but the entrance of Mrs. Bolton interrupted him.

"I have come early, to wish you good bye," said he. "The circuit begins to-morrow, and I start to-night."

Mrs. Bolton expressed her regret, and after a short stay he bade farewell to both, and departed.

He departed: and though not a word had been spoken in the remotest degree applicable to that subject, he left Mary convinced that he loved her; and when early the next morning a little packet was put into her hands, "From Mr. Clavering's servant, Miss," her cheek flushed, and her startled eye glanced in the speaker's face, as though the words contained some extraordinary intelligence.

The packet enclosed "Experimental Botany," some other book, and a note. Mary eagerly and tremulously broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"I send you the book I mentioned, and hope

you will be able to glean from it some useful information for your Madeira favourites. Not thinking this work sufficiently long to engage you *all* the six weeks, I send another for your perusal—no less an author than Dryden, whom you told me you had never read.

"What you said yesterday, has made an impression on me; I am too ambitious of popularity, too careless of higher aims, and I feel it. You shall not find *your* words wasted on the air; and, perhaps, you will also remember mine, on the subject of your brother. An interest in what belongs to you deserves no displeasure, and you are too gentle and reasonable to condemn me if I am mistaken.

"Mark the passages you prefer in the Dryden, and believe me

"Your's, truly,

"William Clavering."

The wildest and most passionate love-letter was never read with a more beating heart than this simply-worded epistle; nor could the writer of such, have conveyed a more thorough conviction that the receiver was an object of interest.

"He wishes me to remember him through those six long weeks, and read as if he were with me—he thinks me worthy to give him advice; I! who look up to him as a superior being;—he feels interested in Lionel, because he is my brother."

Such were the reflections which presented themselves as Mary's eye again and again glanced over the few sentences addressed to her, and rested on the signature.

What is there in the signature of a beloved name which makes it more precious than all the written words which precede it? what is there that makes it more bitter, when

all is passed and gone, to meet that name on the blank title page of a book, than to hear it spoken a thousand times in ordinary conversation, or to look over a hundred other memorials of lost happiness?

Surely there is some strange instinct of the human heart which sets store on those few syllables;—and which gives to that mysterious representation of ourselves, with all our thought, passions, and power of understanding; that badge of our existence among our fellow-men; —a power which no other words can ever obtain.

Who does not pause at a name inscribed in a book, and gaze upon it as if it told the history of the years which have passed away since it was written? The hand which traced it may be grown feeble and tremulous with age, or may lie, cold and forgotten dust, in the grave; it may have become

"an empty sound,
To which no living thing lays claim;"

but its magic power remains. We feel, while we look on it, that we behold the certain and visible stamp and impress of a human existence, since passed away, like a shadow, from the earth. Two syllables on that silent page make oath to us that a being *was*, with health, strength, and reason; who hoped like ourselves, laughed like ourselves, and breathed the air we breathe; "*C'est une etincelle de sa vie*," a spark which burns on after the lamp of life is extinguished—a moment of the full possession of human energy of body and soul, saved from the blank of a passed existence.

A name! It suffices to will away broad lands and fair domains; to curse with life-long poverty, or bless with prosperity and wealth; a power lies there, which mocks the grave; and the living obey the dead!

A name! It suffices to wring the heart with a sudden pang, and send the hot tears gushing to the weary eyes. Thereon we gaze, —and weep, and clasp our hands, and make a lament to Heaven. For what? two written words!

And so a name may suffice to feed the flame of love.

Mary Dupré gazed on that of William Clavering, till it seemed to her that his signature was, like himself, fair, noble, and different from other men. There was music in the sound, and beauty in the form of those two little words to the orphan girl, for they represented the clear voice, the shadowy brow, the generous mind, of him she loved. Twice she raised the paper as if to press it to her lips, and twice, although no human eye was on her, with a beating heart and colouring cheek, she laid it down. The woman's in-

stinct, which struggled with passion in her heart, forbid the caress; and she folded the note, and laid it by with many a treasured memorial of other days.

And now a new existence opened to Mary. Her childhood, with its gloomy remembrance, her anxious and melancholy girlhood, all seemed receding like the shores of a distant land to one in a fast-sailing ship. The past was gone—was nothing; the future, the glorious future was all.

She loved; she would have been content to die in her slumber, and never wake to the morning, in the knowledge that he would regret her: trial, and fear, and danger seemed over on the earth; she had but one sensation, —she loved. The luxury of *loving*, so far, so immeasurably far beyond the triumph of *being loved*, was her's; and she felt—but wherefore need we words! Have not all loved who bend

above this page? yea, and all loved alike. Those whom the world has gradually steeled, or yet more gradually corrupted, and those who live in the sheltered nook, fearing no storm;—the profligate and the pure minded, the sad and the prosperous,—the cruel and the kind,—the painted and turbaned card-player, and the sober sitter by her own fire-side,—all have loved and been beloved: the *beginnings* of those diverse and strange destinies were alike;—a dream, a trust, and a broken hope for all!

And could we (as we never can), read all those histories, how many a woman's fate, nay, her very qualities, will be proved to have depended on that first love.

How many a cheek has been channelled with bitter tears, long before the false bloom of rouge and excited vanity sent the successful beauty to glean the suffrages of the world!

How many a young head has shrunk timidly from a first caress, which braves and defies the sneer of contempt, and smiles in effrontery at open words of scorn! How many a heart is now deemed hard and cold, which *then* sank bruised and bleeding, and prayed to grow callous, ignorant of a higher and holier consolation! And how many, oh! how many are there, who *seem* to laugh and listen to professions which habit has taught them to receive without either virtuous surprise or virtuous indignation; while, like the dying Marmion, another's voice is in their ear,—a tone which shuts out all other sounds, which sends a chill to the heart and a sudden shadow to the eye, and mocks the worldly lover with a stifled sigh; attributed by some looker-on to vice or affectation, — welcomed by him as a proof of his approaching triumph, — but *given* to the

days when that weary heart *could* love; days, whose buried memories heave now and then to the surface, like shattered wrecks in a stormy sea, and sink again in the calm.

CHAPTER IX.

Tetchy and wayward was thine infancy
Thy age confirmed ————
More mild, but yet more harmful.

RICHARD III.

But Kate, dost thou understand thus much English?
Canst thou love me?
I cannot tell.

HENRY V.

"WELL, I think I never saw two young people so different as you and your brother, my dear Mary," said Mrs. Bolton, as they sate together the first evening after he had left them.

"He is much younger than I am, and has higher spirits," said Mary, for she felt that the sentence was not intended to be one of praise.

"My dear child, it is not of his boyish faults I was thinking; all boys are thoughtless, and wild and restless, and there is no reason why he should be expected to be more reasonable than others are at seventeen: no, it is, on the contrary, the defects of character which usually belong to an older heart, which strike me,—his want of indulgence, his vanity, his turn for satire, his cold and quiet selfishness"——

"Cold! ma'am; *do* you think Lionel cold?" interrupted Mary; "surely, with all his faults he has warm feelings; his violence used to be one of the points in his disposition which gave my poor father most uneasiness; and though that is less perceptible now that his reason is more mature"——

"My dear Mary," said Mrs. Bolton quickly, "pray do not fall into that absurd error, of supposing violence of temper and strength of

feelings to go together. I have seen many symptoms of warmth of temper, on the part of your brother, but of warmth of heart *none*."

"I am sure," said Mary, in a vexed tone, "that though Lionel does not express his feelings often, and though the set he has been lately living amongst, have taught him to think it *fine*, to affect nonchalance and carelessness, yet in reality he is affectionate and kind. You do not know how warmly he expressed himself with respect to your kindness to me and to himself. He was only here a fortnight, and yet he was quite attached to you. I cannot think why every one has a prejudice against Lionel."

"Who else has commented on his faults, my dear?" said Mrs. Bolton, quietly.

"Mr. Clavering said"—faltered forth Mary, in some confusion.

"Why Mr. Clavering never saw him."

"No, but Mr. Patterson said"—

"Yes, and Mr. Lawrence said, and Mr. Bigley said, and we all of us say and think," said Mrs. Bolton, gaily, "that Mr. Lionel Dupré is not so amiable as his sister. But a year or two may improve and form him: and there is truth in what you say, that it is the fashion among those young men to affect more nonchalance than they feel. Nevertheless, I do not think his sensations are very acute. By your own account you had both been separated for some time, yet he had not sufficient pleasure in your society to remain at home any one evening."

"His companions wished for him so constantly, and ridiculed his previous retirement and confined habits."

"The three days that you were so ill, he

did not sit with you or soothe you: he paid you a hurried visit in the morning, and spent his day in the Park, and his night at the theatre."

"It is such beautiful weather for riding," said Mary, looking towards the window, "and I, who am never very entertaining, am a very dull companion indeed when I am invalided."

"He ridiculed the Bigleys with great bitterness, and yet they have shown him kindness, and he is now on his way to their house."

"He spoke thoughtlessly, and perhaps imagined that I had already described to you such peculiarities as were amusing in them: it was not *meant* unkindly."

"He talked of Mr. Lawrence—(is not that the young man's name?)—with careless indifference, when you were discussing with him the possibility of obtaining a curacy through

Lord Mountarlington: he treated it as an irksome subject; one of which he would willingly be rid."

"Lionel is naturally impatient; and he was vexed and irritated at being forced to allow that he had it not in his power to serve his tutor."

"He appeared to me to have no real preference among his young friends, but to value them according to their rank, and the estimation in which they were held in society: to arrange their places in his heart, as they would have walked down to dinner."

"He is so delicate and fastidious in his tastes, and was brought up so much in the admiration of what is elegant and intellectual, that he dreads being again obliged to associate with vulgar people."

"You are determined to defend him, Mary! and so much the better. Many a man is reclaimed by the influence of a pure-minded wo-

man; and Heaven grant you always such influence over him as may soften his heart, and give strength to his better resolves. All that I fear is, that hereafter, instead of your attempting to lead *him*, he will succeed in governing you. You must learn betimes not to bow to what is merely a caprice."

"He has but me in the wide world!" said Mary, as the big tears rose to her eyes. "Govern and obey are not words between us two."

Mrs. Bolton sighed, and both looked up at a drawing of Lionel, which had just been finished by a most eminent artist, and hung over the mantel-piece. It was an imaginary subject, for Lionel disliked what he called "a set likeness," and always discussed the point with great interest when in the *atelier* of the painter who aspired to sketch him. The present attempt was a study for the head of Apollo watching the arrow which struck down the last of Niobe's

children. It was spirited and successful. Mary ventured at the time it was taken to offer the only just criticism which could have been made.

"I think," said she, "the eye is too violent. My idea of a god, even in his vengeful hours, is rather the expression of firm resolve, and consciousness of his own power, than of angry vehemence."

"You are right, madam: perfectly right," said the obsequious genius: "but when I first made a hasty outline of Mr. Dupré's countenance, (I recollect he was arguing with his young friend, the Marquis of Mountarlington's son,) I intended to have worked out the sketch as one of the fallen angels,—indeed I had given it the title of 'The Fallen Angel,' but Mr. Dupré disapproved so entirely of my idea, that I was forced to relinquish it."

In relinquishing the title, however, the

painter had not been able to divest himself of the idea; and as Mary now gazed upwards at the wild hazel eye, black brow, and golden auburn curls, it seemed to her that it was indeed an appropriate representation of one of the "rebellious spirits of heaven."

William Clavering examined this sketch one morning, (for he had long accustomed himself to spare an hour, or rather to spend *all* his spare hours with Mary Dupré in Spring Gardens,) and observed, without taking his eyes from the portrait: "It is indeed an excellent likeness. I should like to have your picture done by the same man. Perhaps I shall some day!" added he, in a musing tone, "some day when I can compare the likeness and the original every hour!"

"Mary started, but Mr. Clavering took no heed of her embarrassment. He stood, with his arms folded, contemplating the sketch, and

wrapt in thought, perhaps unconscious that the last sentence had been spoken aloud; and then slowly withdrawing his eyes, commenced another subject.

Under the guidance of Clavering's masculine and cultivated mind, Mary's faculties expanded day by day. She had no worldly pleasures to distract her attention; no vexations to render her mind languid and incapable of study; and she, who thought so meanly of her own capabilities of entertaining others, was pronounced by many, besides old Mrs. Bolton, to be the most perfect of companions.

"If I were but independent!" often and often rose to Clavering's lips, as he fondly watched her slight figure, while she busied herself arranging cushions and comforts for her grand-aunt; "if I were but independent!" thought he, when some one of the "gentle answers which turn away wrath," soothed the

peevish and irritable nerves of the gouty and suffering old woman. "She is so good, so noble, so pure-minded! but it would not do. Poverty is a curse: a blight which withers up every happy and joyous feeling. The trial would be too much for her; too much for me; for I should be wretched, seeing her suffer the privation of luxuries to which she has always been accustomed. No! let me labour a little longer: let me see my way clear before me, and *then*"—

Then the dream might be realised which occupied his heart.

If it may be objected by any young romancer who peruses this history, that a peer's son, of promising talents, with chambers in the Temple, and an allowance of three hundred a-year, might have married a girl creditably portioned, as Mary was, without any risk of being thought madly imprudent, or any dan-

ger of being starved; if they think my hero more cautious than is common with heroes when they fall in love, let me remind those young dreamers that Clavering belonged to a class which a graceful and gifted authoress* has aptly denominated the "*poor rich.*"

Eight hundred a-year and a profession, is no doubt amply sufficient for the subsistence of a young and affectionate couple; but notions of competency vary according to the habits in which a person has been educated; and what would have been luxury to Jane Bigley and Frank Lawrence, appeared to our young lawyer an impossible existence.

Nothing could be more splendid than poverty at Clavering Hall. William Clavering recollected that his father constantly complained of his poverty,—constantly asserted that he had no money,—was actually obliged

* Lady Charlotte Bury.

to send away six of the fourteen gardeners who were kept in his grandfather's time,—and promoted the under-butler to be head of a diminished establishment, at the time the upper-butler left the family to settle in a villa he had bought at Hampstead, and keep servants of his own.

Our hero also remembered a distressing scene which had taken place between his father and mother, when he was about eight years old, on the subject of six long-tailed cream-coloured ponies, four of which his mother used to drive in a low pony-chaise, and the other two were mounted by little "tigers," as outriders. The dialogue and his mother's tears were still fresh in his memory. His father, who was a sensible, well-principled man, entered the boudoir of his wife, (who was a beauty and a fool,) and proposed that these ponies should be sold.

"Sold! good heavens, Clavering! why?"

"My dear, the keep of those little animals, with their grooms and outriders, and all the rest, does not cost less than eight hundred a-year; we are in debt, the boys are growing up, and, in short, such fanciful expences as these should be avoided as much as possible."

"Fanciful expences! the cadeau you yourself made me on my wedding-day! Oh, Clavering! is it come to this? You who once said you would do any thing for me!" and the lady burst into tears.

"So I would do any thing for you, except ruin myself. It was all very well when you were a mere girl, and loved those childish amusements; but you can't drive long-tailed ponies all your life. Have some consideration for your children. Henry and Charles are already old enough to leave

Eton and go to college; William must be thought of; the three girls must have masters, if you don't mean them to be entirely brought up by that foolish French governess"——

"How, upon earth, am I to go out?" sobbed the lady.

"Why, my dearest Fanny, is there not the britska, and the jaunting car, and the close carriage? What more can you want?"

"I want my pony-chaise, *my own* pony-chaise; people will think you are ruined if they see me driving out in any other manner."

"I had rather they thought I was ruined, and were mistaken; than that it should be true, and my neighbours not expect it."

"But eight hundred a-year wont ruin you."

"It is one of a series of articles of needless expenditure which I mean to reduce."

"And what am I to do with the game-keeper's children — those beautiful twins at the lodge-gate? I promised the mother they should be my outriders; and they were so lovely! both of a size, and every thing;" and a fresh burst of tears accompanied this vision of outriders in perspective.

"We will employ them about the grounds, or in the house; come, my dear Fanny, be reasonable; you are too sensible not to see that it is necessary to make some reduction; give up the ponies, and I will drive you out myself in the britska."

Lady Clavering loved to be told she was sensible; she, therefore, replied,

"Very well, sell them; but remember, that I made the sacrifice for *your* sake, remember that;" and a little concluding sob shook Lady Clavering's delicate frame, and rustled the newspaper, which Lord Clavering had not re-

linquished, as he passed his arm lightly round her waist, to thank her with a kiss for her acquiescence.

"A great many women would not have given up the carriage to please any man; only Clavering is so kind;" thought the lady, as she wiped her eyes after her husband had left the boudoir.

"To think of Fanny, poor soul, standing out about such childish nonsense, at five-and-thirty; it's miraculous how foolish women are!" thought the gentleman, as he descended the broad staircase, whistling, not "for want of thought," but, on the contrary, full of plans and arrangements, which were to prevent his affairs from becoming utterly deranged.

Such was the experience of William Clavering's childhood, as to the hardships of poverty. No wonder if, in spite of more real, and reasonable views, acquired in later life, he

still preserved enough of the prejudices of early days, to make *his* idea of a competency include a showy cab, neat carriage, a house in Curzon Street, and some "capital horses." He had also most overwhelming ideas of female expences, derived from the same source as the history of the long-tailed ponies; and as Providence, which clothes the lilies of the field, does *not* clothe barristers' wives, however small may be their net income, but leaves shatter-brained husbands to groan over the toilettes of their tiresome, showy helpmates, without working the necessary miracle in their behalf, he naturally dreaded the responsibility he might incur by proposing for Miss Dupré. It is very lucky he did not, as, in spite of these obstacles, it is possible he might have been accepted.

Women in love, always think they can live on twopence a-day, and bake their hus-

band's bread, or mend their husband's coat, by way of economy.

However much desired a state of society may be, in which their devotion might be gratified and repaid, and the twopence a-day be found sufficient, it is nevertheless (for the present) an impossibility. Those who marry on an income inadequate to their habitual wants, are generally reproached for the foolishness of the step they have taken, by the very man for whom all this economical discomfort was incurred; and those who do *not* marry in that way, are usually upbraided for refusing.

Meanwhile, Mr. Clavering continued to visit in Spring Gardens, till even old Mrs. Bolton began to suspect that he had other motives besides a wish to amuse and entertain *her*. Sometimes he even came before the old lady came down to the drawing-room, and, on one

of these occasions, he so far forgot himself as to pay Mary a most enthusiastic compliment in the most enthusiastic tone. He had been reading the Masque of Comus, and, as he paused and laid his hand on the open page, he said,

"I think that is the most beautiful description of a pure-minded woman I ever read. You do not see this, because you *are* all that the poet, in the sublime soaring of his intellectual feeling, only imagined—yes, you are the poet's dream of what woman should be—and, *mine*," added he, as he gazed on the pale and beautiful face before him, "*my* dream, sweet Mary."

Mary bowed her head a little lower over her work, and breathed less freely for a minute or two, and then, in a gentle tone, she said,

"Will you not finish the poem, Mr. Clavering?"

Lionel's visit to the Bigleys had not been productive of satisfaction. He wrote a long and angry letter to his sister, complaining that the house was even duller than it used to be; that Jane had grown very affected, and that that fussy, fidgetty, vulgar Mrs. Bigley had taken it into her head that her daughter, at the age of fifteen, ought not to accompany young students in their long walks, or rowings on the river; that upon one occasion, when he had persuaded Rosabel to come and see the hounds throw-off, the whole family fumed and stormed as if he had urged her to commit a murder; and that, in short, he had told them roundly, that he should prefer paying them a visit when Rosabel was at a "less inconvenient age,"

being voted at present too old to come out alone with him, and too young to dine down stairs when there was company.

Lionel went to Oxford. He won several prizes, and was looked upon as one of the most promising young men there; he was tolerably prudent in his expences, and particularly averse to what the heads of the college were wont to term "low company." He never got drunk or broke lamps, and very rarely touched a card; always capped his superiors, and, in short, was a model of decency and regularity of conduct.

The proportion of his vacation spent with Mrs. Bolton, happening generally about the same time as the circuit, Clavering and he saw little of each other; and the difference of their ages and pursuits reduced that little to the most barren forms of acquaintance.

A part of the vacation was still given to

the Bigleys, who had apparently released Rosabel from all the restraints which her "inconvenient age," as Lionel termed it, had imposed. They were permitted to go when they pleased to Stepney Hill to see the hounds throw-off, and to wander back alone, a two hours' walk, beneath the overhanging hazel branches and wide beech trees which adorned the copse; or sit, side-by-side, looking into the rippling brook, and lulled into a sort of dreamy forgetfulness by the sound of its waters; or punt down the river to the shady spot where the mayfly danced, and the minnows leaped, on a fishing excursion.

The mischief that might eventually have resulted from all these wanderings, and the constant companionship between the handsome Oxonian and a lovely giddy girl of near sixteen, was prevented by the disposition of Rosabel herself.

It is an incontestible fact, that there are some understandings which are more slow in coming to maturity than others; many a man or woman who in early youth was accounted dull and common-place, becomes afterwards remarkable for more steady sense, or even brilliant talent, than those whose precocious intellect ripened and bore fruit in the early spring-time of their lives.

And as in matters of the understanding, so with the heart; there are those in whose breasts the dawn of passion is scarcely breaking, while others, of the same age, have "set their life upon the cast," and, with determined devotion, abide "the hazard of the die." And though I believe the majority of young ladies of sixteen, prize "a beau" beyond all other rarities, yet there are many who would infinitely prefer the gift of a tame squirrel

or an ivory work-box, to the society of the handsomest of the other sex.

Such a one was Rosabel. Unimaginative, unintellectual, and unimpassioned, she still preserved that backwardness in her teens which had been remarked upon when she was but eleven, by the lamented Hyacinth Bigley, who told Lionel that "she *seemed* younger, because she had such baby ways."

She was a merry, dancing, romping thing, without a single idea of sentiment or romance in her composition. Her hair, glossy and bright as it was, was seldom under the confinement of a comb; she put on her bonnet, invariably, without looking in the glass, and flung it off again on the turf, or tied it to a bough, when it became irksome; she was never quiet—always laughing or singing, or playing practical jokes on her sisters; and

she had half-a-dozen tame rabbits, which she did nothing but feed, from morning till night, while they (the sisters) looked out of the window at the militia officers.

Such was Lionel's companion, "little Rosabel" (as the family persisted in calling her). If she had been ugly, she would have been the most common-place and uninteresting of "growing girls;" but being very much the reverse, with coral lips, sly laughing eyes, and a sunny complexion, her very carelessness and simplicity gave her an additional charm, particularly to Lionel, whose college life had not exactly taught him to respect the fair sex, or to believe in the existence of female virtue much beyond the date which Juliet's nurse assigns to the certainty of her own.

Better men have made love without exactly considering where their courtship was to end; and Lionel was not in the habit

of considering anything but his own pleasure and advantage; nay, he frequently marred his own plans and crossed his own schemes by utter selfishness in their prosecution, and over-eagerness to enjoy the present moment. There was, therefore, nothing to deter him, when once he took it into his head that he was in love with Rosabel, from making her aware of that fact; and, as they proceeded slowly along the accustomed path, catching, from time to time, glimpses of the blue river through the shifting hazel boughs, he revolved in his mind the probable success of a copy of verses, at that moment in his left waistcoat pocket, towards enlightening the mind of his fair companion as to his sentiments.

It was a summer's day; one of those days when the very banks and mounds of turf seem to bask gladly in the sun, and give out a warm and

dry and delicious fragrance—a mingled scent of earth and moss and roots and thyme, which tempts you to fling yourself down, and bask with them, in the eye of the golden sun. Here, under the hedges, peeps out the wild geranium with its woolly stem, the white star-flower, and the wreathing and scented dog-rose, longing for a breeze. There, the broad oak spreads out its knotted arms, covered with rich green foliage, as if offering hospitality to the tired traveller; and as you recline beneath its boughs, with the warm sky above, and the warm turf below, what breaks the deep and glowing silence? The chirp of the field cricket, the booming sound of the flight of the labouring bee, the striking of some distant village clock, whose spire rises like a silver line on the blue heavens, or the dropping of the ripe acorns on the earth where you lie.

Oh, the glory of a summer's day! the listless yet fervent glory of a summer's day! Who has not felt it; and yet who shall endeavour to clothe in cold and feeble words the memory of those golden hours? Poetry cannot satisfy us with its imagery; nor painting, with its thousand tints. We want more! we want the glow, the perfume, the bird's glancing wing, the insect's busy hum; we turn from the picture, we fling down the page, and dream ourselves back again in some sheltered nook, whose remembered sunshine is enough.

How few reflect upon that common pleasure which results from our sense of the beauties of nature; and yet, when we consider what a store and power of this feeling has been heaped upon the inhabitants of our imperfect world — how we have been given an enjoyment which depends not on

the vexing cares of life, which man's tyranny cannot take away, nor man's sorrow wither up—how we are continually allowed to indulge in a luxury of the senses, far beyond all the triumphs and excitements of our common and artificial life, surely we should lift up our hearts in thankfulness, and bless the God who permits his sun to shine on the just and the unjust, who makes all great and intense pleasures an equal blessing to the rich and poor, and gives to the meanest of his creatures a dim foretaste of that heaven where love of Him, and admiration of His works, shall suffice in their singleness to fill the hearts which struggled with so many divers and contrary passions during their trial here.

CHAPTER X.

Oh, most gentle Jupiter! What tedious homily of love
You have humoured your parishioners withal; and
Never cried "*have patience, good people.*"

SHAKSPEARE.

"LET us sit here," said Lionel, as they came to a bank which sloped towards the river: "Let us sit here, and I will read you some lines I have made to you."

"To me? No, have you really? Oh! do read them.—What fun!"

Though the expression, "what fun," grated unpleasantly on Lionel's ears, and seemed to

him not at all the sort of feeling that should have been excited by his information, he nevertheless unfolded the paper, and read as follows:—

"Bright girl, within whose shadowy eyes."

"I don't like the beginning at all, Mr. Dupré! I can't bear to be called 'bright girl,'" said Rosabel, as she picked up a pebble and flung it in the water.

"Well, take it as it is written now, and I will alter it afterwards," said Lionel, impatiently.

Bright girl, within whose shadowy eyes
The dancing light of laughter lies,
To mock thy lover's dreaming;
(Who fain would see that mirthful ray
In Passion's twilight sink away,
More softly, dimly beaming.)

Thy heart, as yet, is coldly free,
(While many a heart consumes for thee,
Now worshipping, now hating;)
And by the fountain of its springs
Love idly sleeps with folded wings,
His day of triumph waiting.

But thou the common lot must share,
And passion only slumbers there
The term that Fate allows him:
Oh! since thy heart *must* feel at last,
And he must wake, who slept so fast,—
Be *mine* the voice to rouse him!

Mine be thy love! the wild, the first,
Which cold experience hath not nurst,
Which knows nor bound nor measure;
What time thy young and startled heart,
Shrank from the god's unerring dart,
And fear'd the painful pleasure.

Mine be the transport first to drink
Those wavering tones, which rise and sink
Through many a fond digression;

Falt'ring with love, and faint with fear,
Unwilling that thyself should hear
Thy timid tongue's confession.

Mine be the glance whose shrinking rays
Elude the searching stranger gaze;
The eye a word abashes,
Which vainly droops the curtaining lid,
Conscious that some new power lies hid
Beneath its trembling lashes.

For soon the wily heart doth learn
To feed or quench the flames that burn
Upon love's glowing altar,
And eyes forget the look they wore
And cheeks which crimson'd blush no more,
And voices cease to falter;

Till Passion, Love's degraded son,
Usurps his abdicated throne,
Mad tyrant of an hour,
Creates a wild and treacherous flame,
And spends in deeds of crime and shame
His transitory power.

Oh! save me from the broken charm,
Give me thy heart while fresh and warm,
Its innocence is living,—
With all the simple hopes and fears,
That hang around thy girlish years,
And make it worth thy giving!

"Is that all?" asked Rosabel.

"Yes; but you have not been listening. You have been flinging stones into the water all the time:" and Lionel sighed.

"Don't vex yourself," said his companion, as suddenly leaning her unbonneted head back on his shoulder, she looked up in his face. "I assure you I listened with all my ears; but there was some I could not understand."

"No?"

"No. Indeed there was a good deal I did not understand, but particularly the last part, about passion and tyrants: it was too histori-

cal for me. *I* don't care about poetry.—Jane likes it."

The beauty of the sunny face which looked up to his, moderated Lionel's wrath and mortification.

"In plain prose then, Rosabel,—my own pretty Rosabel,—*do* you love me?" and he bent passionately and eagerly towards her, as if afraid of losing even the tone of her answer.

That answer broke the charm.

"Yes, indeed I do! heartily, dearly,—when you are kind, and not selfish or violent."

"Let us go home!" said Lionel, starting up, and turning in that direction.

Rosabel followed, after a pause of surprise, and they walked on in silence.

There was a part of their walk at which they always stopped; an open burst which commanded a sudden view of the river. Lionel

mechanically paused at the accustomed resting-place, and leaning against a beautiful beech tree, stood apparently watching the boats which glided backwards and forwards on the water. He felt disappointed, mortified and puzzled. Rosabel stood by him; at length she turned and spoke. It was the first time he had ever heard her speak in a serious and prepared tone, and it struck him.

"Mr. Dupré," said she, "if you meant that I should love you in the way they do in romances,"—and there she made a long pause, "I never loved any one in that way. But I will try.—Shall I try?" added she, the arch smile returning to her pretty mouth. Then, as Lionel impatiently withdrew his hand, she said, "If I did not love you in some way, I should not be so sorry at seeing you are vexed."

And these were the last words they ever

spoke on the subject. From that day there was no *illusion* about Rosabel in Lionel's heart, and during the few days he remained, though they walked and sailed together as usual, (for Lionel was not at all ambitious that their love scene should be known to Mr. and Mrs. Bigley,) *his* manner had assumed a sort of harshness and carelessness, and her's was an *endeavour* to behave as she did before, sadly interrupted from time to time by the remembrance of Lionel's verses, and his speech on the occasion of their being read.

Had Lionel known that every syllable of that conversation (as nearly as she could recollect it), was repeated by Rosabel to her mother, while she was arranging the flowers she had gathered in her walk homewards on that eventful day, he would have been somewhat puzzled to account for the continued indulgence of the society of that once strictly

guarded young lady; and still more astonished would he have been had he been made aware that at the conclusion of this confession, Mrs. Bigley merely patted her daughter's cheek, and called her "a foolish little puss."

The fact is, that nothing could be more agreeable to Mrs. B., than what she was pleased to term, "the growing attachment between the young people." She exulted in her own wisdom which had foreseen the effect of her daughter's charms while a mere child, and was only restrained from making Rosabel a partner in her plans, by the feeling which prompts us to be cautious of our movements while feeding a fawn—a fear of startling what we only meant to tame.

CHAPTER XI.

No courtier's face, and yet its smile was ready,—
No scholar's, yet its look was deep and steady,—
No soldier's, for its power was all of mind
Too true for violence, and too refined.
And wheresoe'er his fine frank eyes were thrown,
He struck the looks he wished for with his own.

RIMINI.

MEANWHILE, William Clavering continued to be a constant visitor at Mrs. Bolton's. A sort of tacit agreement subsisted between the inmates of the house that he was the unacknowledged suitor of Miss Dupré; and Clavering himself when speaking of the future, in the presence of the old lady, invariably appeared to look forward to their sharing it

together. He rose rapidly in his profession, and became a marked man: one of whom much was prognosticated, and in whose success many seemed interested; his father grew prouder of the only son who at all resembled himself; and it was without opposition that he heard his eldest son declare, that nothing should ever induce him again to be at the bore of standing for the Borough of Wellingby, and with secret self-gratulation that he planned the substitution of William Clavering's name in the hand-bills and addresses.

And Mary, too, looked forward to the gradual development of better prospects for her lover, and the glory which she doubted not would at length encircle his name, with satisfaction and pleasure; though that worldly success could have added nothing to the deep, the humble, the devoted tenderness which she already bore him.

Her's was not a proud heart; she had always been accustomed to consider herself the least and the last among those with whom she lived, to sacrifice her own will, and to bend even to caprices unmurmuringly. Her attachment, therefore, had more of submissiveness in it, more singleness of heart and purpose, than is usual, even amongst women.

She hoped, she expected to be his wife, after two or three years' toil in his profession; and all her plans for study, all her fast-acquired knowledge of the management of a limited income, all her pleasures, and all her toils, were with one view: to prevent his feeling hereafter the sacrifice he had made:—he, the proud, the gifted, the beloved, in forgetting the worldly advantages of rank, wealth, and connexion, to make *her* happy.

She had not the lofty soul which, placed

on its imaginary pedestal, exclaims, "make yourself worthy of me, and you shall win me; strive, endure, look forward to your reward, succeed in all you attempt, and the last and crowning success of all shall be, the heart, the proud and swelling heart, *I* have to offer." Her's was the timid and adoring love so beautifully expressed by Milton:

He for God only—she for God in him;

and such was woman originally intended to feel.

Humble, trusting, and willing to be guided, should that woman's love be who looks forward to becoming the *wife* of her beloved. Let the mistress, whose uncertain reign is, perhaps, to end when her pride has at length bowed to her lover, offer herself as a prize to be won by exertion, and bought by fame. It is better to feel as we walk, side-by-side,

through the thorny paths of life, that religion, and an habitual enthusiasm for the right, are sufficient to urge the man to all that is noble, to all that is stirring, to all that is glorious; and that to the woman he can turn for the repose, the peace, the sunshine of his life.

In romances, it is the custom, amid a thousand other distorted images, to make the deified heroine the great object of all her lover's efforts to be good or great, perhaps the star to which many turn their ambitious thoughts, till at length, after a series of adventures, she is given, like a cup at Ascot, to the best runner. This is not just, it is not natural, it is almost ridiculous; and when we read such histories, we involuntarily ask ourselves what became of that over-weening superiority when the race was over, and the prize won? Is it likely that a woman who

has thought herself the *first* object half her life, will be contented to become the *second* for the remaining half? and that too when years have made the heart more selfish, the habits more fixed, the reason less malleable? Is it likely that the man whose excited imagination has so long worshipped the *ideal* of his own heart in a human form, will, when the *real* woman is his, with all the faults and follies which *all* must have, is it probable, I say, that he will bear the assumption of a superiority, the illusion of whose existence he has abjured? No! the "purple light of love" is like the glow of sunshine on a landscape—much that is wild and savage, seems only magnificent; much that is flat and tame, appears only fair and peaceful. The harsh lines are melted in the blue misty distance, the uninteresting hills are varied with a thousand tints; but let the glow fade,

and, lo! the real and naked lines offend our eyes, and disappoint our hearts. So in our lives: the *glow must fade;* and it requires all the submissive tenderness of the woman to prevent the chill that comes over us when forced to look on things with the aspect of reality.

It may be said, and with truth, that there are many women married to men over whom they *must* feel their superiority—the worse for them! but there are no women who are obliged to *show* that they feel it. A clever man is repulsed by such an assumption; a fool finds it unbearable. Did we not know that, as society is at present constituted, circumstances, rather than freedom of choice, influence half the marriages that are made, we might blame those women who have carved out for themselves such a fate; but be that as it may, no woman ever loved

truly and completely who thought herself wiser or better than the object of her attachment; nor was any man ever contented with such attachment.

One of the most simple associations in the mind of a man who loves, is that of being strong to defend and protect the loved one. He feels instinctively that she is indeed the "weaker vessel;" and the woman who carries into her home the consciousness (real or fancied) of her superiority, carries with her a poison which will embitter the cup for *life*.

Such a consciousness Mary Dupré was not likely to feel; but had she been as proud as Moore's beautiful fiction of Lilis, in "The Loves of the Angels," she might have been content to love and admire William Clavering.

There was something so noble, straightforward, and independent, in his character, so frank and winning in his manner, that it

seemed impossible to mistake the one, or not to feel the charm of the other. His countenance was a counterpart of his mind. Pope's picturesque description of his friend James Craggs, might have been applied with equal truth and justice to Mary Dupré's lover.

> "A soul as full of worth, as void of pride,
> Which nothing seeks to show nor needs to hide,
> Which nor to guilt, nor fear, its caution owes,
> And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
> The face untaught to feign, the *judging eye*
> Which darts severe upon the rising lie,
> And strikes a blush through frontless flattery."

Clavering's soul was indeed full of enthusiasm the most pure and lofty. His profession required, and obtained, steady and determined attention. He might have preferred another, but the law was chosen for him, and once chosen, he showed neither indolence nor wavering, nor irresolution. While he never lost

sight of the end, he scrupled not to gather the flowers by the way. History, biography, poetry, were his relaxation and delight; and his was not the feverish pleasure of the intellectual dreamer, it was the energetic sympathy of a bold and active mind. In general he preferred works which treated more of actions than of feelings. The stirring and spirited scenes from the old Greek authors; many passages of Walter Scott's undervalued poetry; Milton's sublime and forcible conceptions; and Shakspeare, that master of the secrets of all human hearts;—these were his favourites; and with Mary Dupré his fervor was not checked by feeling that he was not comprehended, nor his sudden recollection of a beautiful passage in a classic author, damped by any want of knowledge of the language on the part of his companion. Mary had studied under her father, had read with her brother, and to her

the language was familiar,—the tone alone was new; and to that rich and mellow voice she listened as we listen to the sound of an organ in a cathedral. Awe, and love, and enthusiasm, mingled and melting into one strange and overpowering feeling.

Clavering had besides, what a French author * has aptly described under the title of *genie artiste*. Every thing man's genius could compass, found as it were a ready sympathy and congratulation in his heart. To borrow nearly the words of my author, "He felt himself a painter when he gazed upon the creations of Rubens and Salvator Rosa; a sculptor before the glorious statues of Italy; an architect while he admired the aspiring height of cathedral buildings; a poet while

* Jacob.

he read Shakspeare; an actor as he watched that noble realization of Shakspeare's dreams, John Philip Kemble." Music alone was a *lesser* enthusiasm with him. He was careless about it; and Mary grew to think less of this her favourite accomplishment: she read more, and practised less: she thought that an intrusion which prevented her from hearing *him;* and with the ready prejudice of woman, set it down as an axiom in her own mind, that "very intellectual men were rarely fond of music."

There was one other circumstance which struck Mary in after-years as a peculiarity. Clavering never "made love." She would have found it impossible to explain to a third person *why* she believed he was attached to her. He had never addressed her by her christian name: never paid her a compliment

(except on the memorable occasion when they read the Masque of Comus): rarely even took her hand at parting. He sometimes, indeed, paused when reading or speaking, and gazed on her for some minutes in silence; but it was not the earnest look of passion or admiration. Quietly he gazed, as if contemplating some beautiful picture or statue, and slowly turning to his book, read on in the same tone as before. And so accustomed was Mary to his manner, that she sometimes ventured on a slight, half-playful smile, when these fits of momentary abstraction lasted longer than usual, as if to recal him to himself.

Whether this absence of all expressions of love, in one so ardent by nature, was the result of voluntary caution, or involuntary respect; or whether, vague and distant as were

his hopes of realising an independence, he dared not trust himself to use the forms of tenderness with one whom he might never be able to call his own, is uncertain. Perhaps a mixture of all these causes led to the manner which he adopted towards Mary, and which had become habitual. Perhaps he was contented to enjoy a present so satisfactory, without looking into an uncertain future for more. Be that as it may, Mary might have been a young and beloved college companion for any symptom he showed of remembering she was a beautiful woman; and while she worshipped him in her heart as a lover, she felt at her ease in his presence as with one who was a valued friend and nothing more. She was happy and contented in the vague belief that she was beloved. She waited not with trembling expectation the moment when

he would avow it. She woke in the morning with a glad consciousness of existence; she lay down to rest with a quiet gratitude to God who had made her path so smooth and easy, her duties so light and pleasant to fulfil; and old Mrs. Bolton, declared (perhaps with truth), that her countenance at this time grew even more gentle in its cheerfulness — her voice even sweeter in its tones.

Yes, for three years the fulness of contentment was in her heart, and had all her life's hopes been fulfilled, perhaps those quiet years would still have been the happiest to look back upon.

It is so seldom that we win peace! So seldom! Do we ever win it? The statesman who devotes his youth to the struggles of ambition—the inventor of mechanical im-

provements, who starves his own generation to bestow incalculable benefits on the next—the fond idealist who dreams restlessly through his youth, and dies uselessly in his old age—the man of the world, whose narrow heart is full of busy vanities,—all look forward to its enjoyment: but life passes; (I speak of *successful* lives;) and when the statesman has won power, and place, and patronage—when the utilitarian has realised a shadowy portion of some single plan—when the poet is féted, flattered, and caressed—and the man of the world has become an oracle in his own little circle—peace is still a distant dream! Old age creeps on. Into the narrow bound of a few feeble years, they crowd all that youth's strong energies were to have achieved. The arm of destiny urges them forward: they totter to the grave. Alas! Death's curtain falls on hopes

half fulfilled; plans half matured; energies weakened, but still at work; — it is over! Life is over; and peace is yet unwon!

'Tis done! no further thirst have they to slake:
It is unquench'd, and yet they feel it not.
It *was* an agony—and now forgot!

CHAPTER XII.

When all forsake thee, I will stand by thee
When all oppose thee, I will comfort thee
When all look dark on thee—*I* still will smile!

OLD PLAY.

And if I were a beggar's bratte
You moughte ha let me be,
I should never have come to the king's courte
To crave any love of thee!

OLD BALLAD.

THE peace and monotony of Mary's life was soon to end. Lionel's education was finished: he was of age. The judicious Mr. Patterson had, by his desire, purchased for him a small place in Yorkshire, which, if the auctioneering advertisement might be credited, had more lawns, pleasure-grounds, fountains, groves, outbuildings, farmsteads, stablings, &c. than any

other estate of the same magnitude ever boasted, besides the fact of the family mansion being "the most desirable of residences."

Lionel not being exactly of opinion that the last eulogium was correct, sent for an able architect, and requesting him to pull down and build up as much as was requisite to make it as desirable as other country gentlemen's residences,—to raze to the ground a hideous cramped gothic lodge at the gate of the park, and substitute one of a rustic order; and to fit particular rooms in a particular manner for his sister Mary:—wrote to announce his intended arrival in Spring Gardens on a certain day; previous to which he was to accompany Mr. Patterson to the Bigley's, who were exceedingly impatient to see him, and talk over affairs.

"How kind his letter is," said Mary to herself, as she read the sentence which alluded

to the arrangements made for her future comfort. "How thoughtful of one who is generally so giddy! Oh, how happy we shall be altogether!"

And the *we* included in Mary's visionary picture, a lawyer, then absent on the circuit.

The day at length arrived which was to bring that beloved brother to her arms. She read his short letter again, aloud to old Mrs. Bolton, to be sure that she had made no mistake; and she took her work to the window, though she was aware that looking out on the parks would not facilitate his journey.

When we are impatient for an arrival, how we dislike the walls and boundaries of our dwelling!—How we long to go, were it only a mile, to meet those dear ones on their way. How restlessly we pace up and down, and gaze upon the clock, as if watching the moments made them fly faster.

At length the sound of a gig rolling up to the door was heard, the bell was impatiently rung, a light step bounded up the stairs, and Lionel Dupré, radiant with beauty, and shaking the snow from his white box-coat, clasped his sister in his arms.

"My own dear brother!" exclaimed Mary, as half tears, half smiles, she repeatedly embraced him; then pausing and gazing at him, she said, "and I declare you are handsomer than ever!" and she took his hat, and the heavy coat, of which he had disencumbered himself while she spoke, and drawing a large arm-chair forward to the fire, added, "my grand-aunt will be here in a moment, and you will have dinner."

"Thank you, love; and now let me introduce you to a gentleman you have overlooked in your attentions to me, my friend Lord Alfred Arlington; drove me up in five hours; I am

sure his hands must be frozen, and his fingers dropping off."

"Won't you come near the fire also?" said Mary, quietly, as she bowed to her shy guest.

And now, for the first time, the costume which both friends wore, struck her as extraordinary. Lionel was so divinely handsome, and of a beauty so picturesque, that whatever singularity he chose to assume, merely made him more like a painter's model; and as he stood in the rough great-coat and scarlet handkerchief, his luxuriant auburn hair disordered and crisp with the damp snow-flakes which had drifted in the faces of the travellers, and his eyes bright with their rarest expression, that of frank and hearty gladness, Mary thought she had never beheld any one so completely a *beau-ideal* of what man should be.

But Lord Alfred Arlington was anything but a *beau-ideal*. He had that peculiar lank, and

yet heavy figure, which is invariably accompanied with a shambling step and a stoop in the shoulders, as if the offender knew he had no right to be so tall, and was doing his best to conceal the fact. His eyes were small, and of the palest grey; his nose long and red, his lips thin and compressed, and he appeared quite as shy as Mr. Patterson at Portsmouth, and infinitely more awkward. He was dressed like a very smart stage-coachman, and after he had pulled his thick gloves off his thin frozen fingers, he remained still dangling his hands before him, as if he did not exactly know what to do with them, when they were not employed with the reins, or, as he was wont to term them, "the *ribands*."

At dinner, after he had eat and drunk, and been thoroughly warmed, a change took place in his deportment; he talked loud and fast, and laughed amazingly at his own stories;

made use of a number of slang phrases, called his father "the stingy old governor," reckoned up his winnings and losings last Doncaster, wished his creditors might "get him," (Mary wished they could,) described several hair-breadth escapes on horseback, each of which he termed a "capital go," and, in short, conversed in a style which, when gentlemen *are* inclined to use, they should bring an interpreter with them. He had, besides, a long list of friends, whose sponsorial cognomens were changed into nicknames, commemorating some forgotten jest, or expressive of their various good qualities. He had a friend called "Tumble-down-Dick," one known by the name of "Sopsy," one (a prodigious favorite) called "Old Hearty," and a hundred others, including Bedlam Jack, which meant Jack Conolly. It was particularly hard upon "Sopsy," who was a handsome half-pay captain, with a po-

sitive and hereditary claim (his only inheritance) to the name and surname of Altamont Percy.

Mary was a gentle, unprejudiced creature, but on this occasion she condemned more hastily than was customary with her; indeed, it must be confessed, that, to use a common phrase, "she took a dislike" to Lord Alfred.

After he had wished them good night, asked Lionel Dupré for a cigar, and fairly departed, Lionel turned eagerly to his sister.

"Now, dearest Mary," said he, "that Arlington's gone, (he 's an excellent fellow, but a dreadful gossip,) I wish to tell you something. I have quarrelled with the Bigleys."

"Quarrelled with the Bigleys! Ah! Leo."

"Now my own gentle sister, don't begin to look reproachful already. I know all you would say about past kindness, and bearing with people, and so forth; but these people

are unbearable. I know I was wrong to be so violent with that sneaking, obstinate, insolent —"

"Stop your invectives, my dear brother, and explain to me quietly what has happened. What did you quarrel about?"

"About the girl, little Rosabel as they call her. Conceive their expecting me to marry her! Producing a note I had written when I was about fourteen, asking after my 'little wife's' cold in her head; swearing to my face, and before Mr. Patterson, that I had made love to her from the first day I knew her, and blurting out a farrago of nonsense about her heart breaking, and her pale cheeks and altered ways, her private sadness and concealed tears, when all the while I knew her to be as pretty a piece of chill stupidity as ever listened to a love-speech."

"Then you *have* made love to her?"

"No, not exactly made love: I wrote her a copy of verses, and read them to her."

"And has she got the verses?"

"Yes: at least she had them."

"And have you never written to her? Is the note inquiring after your wife's cold, the only autograph preserved in the family?"

"No; I used to write now and then: If I had anything to say to Bigley about my coming, I generally wrote it to *her;* and I once sent her a water-spaniel, with directions how to feed it when it was sick: but there is not a line or a syllable which might not be read at Charing Cross."

There was a pause, while the servant put on coals.

"But, my dear Leo, I do not yet see how you contrived to quarrel. I suppose you said the usual civil speeches; that you admired and liked Rosabel of all things, but that you

had never thought of marrying her; that you had every reason to believe she had no partiality for you; and that you were sorry if, by any imprudence of manner, you had led them to believe ——"

"Nonsense, my dear Mary; I said no such thing. How should I know what her partialities are? I dare say she likes me now, out of the sheer spirit of contradiction. Besides, I was too angry to remember what I ought to say; it was after dinner, and they had all been drinking my health, and different toasts, and Bigley's half-drunk manner was so immeasureably insolent. I believe I said every thing I ought not to say; reproached them with plotting, and leaving the girl continually alone with me; declared I would sooner be hanged, than marry the daughter of a yellow-wigged Norfolk attorney; sneered at Bigley's cunning, which had overreached no one but himself;

called the mother a fat old hypocrite, and the daughter a cold simpleton; advised them to marry her among her equals, and look out another Frank Lawrence ——"

"Oh! stop, Lionel — stop: how could you!"

"I have just finished my narrative, my dear Mary; don't interrupt me — I will listen to you afterwards. I don't exactly recollect all I said, but it was all in that style; (I wonder they did not propose to me to become one of the firm!) and I remember striking the table till the glasses shivered, while I expressed my determination of never again entering their doors. Then Bigley laid his hand on my arm, and (with a countenance whose pale and cunning rage I never shall forget) said, in a husky voice, 'If I an't revenged on you for this night, my name 's not Samuel Bigley.'"

And the vengeance that was threatened, Mr.

Samuel Bigley was not slow to perform. He commenced an action against Lionel for breach of promise of marriage, in his daughter's name; to that daughter he repeated what Lionel had said, with a thousand insulting additions; declaring that he had boasted of her passion for *him*, and laughed to scorn the idea of his being in love with *her*.

This mixture of cunning lies and exaggerated truth had its effect upon the wayward and rebellious heart of young Rosabel; she gave up to her father all the letters she had ever received from Mr. Dupré, yielding to the vehement prayers, and still more vehement threats which he employed; and she listened to that father's determination to avenge the insult they had mutually sustained, with feelings almost as fiery as his own.

The verses and notes thus delivered to Bigley, were copied out; words were erased, and words inserted in the original; and even where

this was *not* done, it was surprising to see how little what had been written, without a thought of its being read by more than the person addressed, would bear public inspection.

Bigley's small blue eyes twinkled with fierce satisfaction, as he listened (after his own evidence had been given), to the evidence afforded by the tender epistles he had handed over to the officer of the court. The mechanical and changeless tone in which every line and syllable of those letters were repeated, fell on his ear sweet as music; and he looked round triumphantly, as if already certain of a verdict in his favour, every time a sentence was read which appeared to prejudice the opinions of those in court.

In that very letter which Lionel had specially mentioned as fit to be read out at Charing Cross, there was the following equivocal and remarkable expression:—"*Surely, dearest Rosy, nobody has a better right to give you presents*

than myself, nobody so good a one; so don't talk of refusing, or I shall think you altered. 'Love me, love my dog,' is my motto; and it is engraved on the collar of the little companion I send."

This was one of the passages especially dwelt upon by the lawyer who was employed to conduct Miss Bigley's case; and indeed he expatiated so movingly on the extreme youth, beauty, and innocence of the fair plaintiff—dwelt so much upon the treachery of the young man who had made so base a return for her father's hospitality, and appealed to the jury in so impassioned and indignant a style, as to the amount of damages, that the imaginary worth of Miss Rosabel's wounded and misplaced affections, rose in the judgment of those who listened, to an inestimable value.

It was impossible, according to the opinion of the hearers, that excessive and enormous damages should not be awarded; and it was miraculous to see the composed triumph which

sate on the features of Mr. Jennings, the lawyer who was to conduct the defence. He heard, unmoved, the pathetic address of his opponent, and sate *feuilletant* his own brief, in which an equally affecting case was made out for the wronged Lionel. The arch-traitor was here represented as a young and innocent orphan, who, left without friends to guard him, found only a grasping mercenary in the person appointed to watch his fortune, and had thus been made the victim of a deep-laid plot. In Mr. Jennings' opinion, the damages, if laid at all, should be laid at one farthing.

He sate, therefore, quietly awaiting *his* turn to address the jury, convinced that the result to the counsel for the prosecution would be—

"Total eclipse,"

and amusing himself by occasionally whispering with two or three briefless companions (among whom he was a prodigious star), and distracting their attention as they sate round

the table occupied in various ways;—scraping pens, scribbling notes to each other, reading the newspaper, eating hard biscuit, yawning in the jury's face, and drawing caricatures on scraps of paper.

He also indulged in many silent ruminations respecting a case which was to follow that of Bigley *v.* Dupré, and for which he held another brief; a case, in which the fair plaintiff had been more deeply injured than Rosabel, and which excited considerable interest and expectation.

"I will call her '*My dear*,'" thought Mr. Jennings, with a professional luxuriousness of sentiment; "I will call her *My dear*, during the whole of the cross-examination; but I wont do so insolently, neither, poor little soul. No, I'll be gentle: I'll make no jokes; women on a cross-examination always burst into tears when one attempts a jest. I will be grave and compassionate. 'Now, my dear, I am about to put a few questions to you, and you will

answer them as well as you can; or don't let what I am going to say distress you, my dear—but—"

How long Mr. Jennings might have gone on feeding his imagination with his own questions, is uncertain; for at this moment he was interrupted by a sudden commotion in court; he started, and his dark flexible eye-brows rose to the very margin of his white well-fitting barrister's wig, as he perceived a young female press through the crowd towards the leading counsel for the plaintiff, and earnestly converse with him in an under-tone, while her shrinking attitude, and deep bonnet and veil, prevented her face from being visible to any but the person she addressed. One, only, recognised the slim girlish figure, and as Samuel Bigley angrily ejaculated the name of his daughter, the unknown sank to the ground in a dead faint.

It was indeed Rosabel, who, restlessly anxious to know in what manner her father would

enforce his threatened scheme of vengeance, and in what way the law could so twist and turn *facts*, as to

"Make the worse appear the better reason,"

had crept, unobserved, into court. Her indignant sorrow, when she heard the letters read, and found that she had been made the instrument of fraud and treachery against the companion of her childhood, overcame her prudent resolution of remaining undiscovered. All her supposed wrongs vanished from her mind; she only thought of the baseness of the forgery, and in a few hurried sentences had explained the whole.

She was carried to a private room: the judge's lady administered salts and eau de luce from her own stores, to the "poor, pretty little heart-broken thing;" several sentimental girls (who were in the habit of coming into court to be amused by the trials of their fellow-creatures, and, perhaps, by seeing them con-

demned to death), burst into tears at this horrid proof of the effects of man's inconstancy, and one young woman, whose lover had deserted her, fainted outright from pure sympathy.

As soon as the confusion caused by this little incident had subsided, the counsel for the plaintiff rose, and, after a beautifully turned period about "wounded feelings," "overwhelming suspense," and "the candour of agony," he declared that the lady who had just conversed with him, was no other than his fair client, who had attended unobserved during the whole of the proceedings; that she had assured him she was an unwilling party to the action, and that the letters just read were not in the same condition as when she received them, but on the contrary, had been garbled, and added to, in the most material parts; and, finally, that under such circumstances, he felt it his duty no farther to press the case, but to submit to a verdict for the defendant.

Bigley began a muttered speech about love-sick girls seeking to shield the authors of their ruin, and Rosabel's warm-hearted wish to deceive the jury, by defending her lover; but he desisted on observing that the gentleman who had spoken, was occupied examining the erasures in the letters which he held up between him and the light; and judged it better to submit in silence to the given verdict. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the acuteness and ingenuity by which he contrived to baffle the suspicions that he, Mr. Samuel Bigley, had had any hand in the alterations alluded to. Indeed, Rosabel had made her communication in so agitated a manner,—she was so abashed at the situation in which she was placed,—so afraid that her father would be injured by the disclosures she had summoned courage to make, and yet so anxious to do justice to Lionel,—that it was not easy to collect from her how the letters (since they could not have altered *them-*

selves) had become so materially different from what they were. That in her first angry moments, she had herself made additions which she repented during the solemn enquiry of a court of justice, was a probability which her father encouraged, as shielding him from suspicion —and the original notion that the interruption was a stratagem on her part to shield her false hearted lover, remained in full force with some of the more romantic of the listeners. Either way it was in vain to persist any farther.

Mr. Bigley did not actually curse his daughter, but he almost hated her, when he reflected on the weakness (as he termed it) which had baffled him in the very hour of success. It was long before he would speak to her, and but for the fear of losing her in the fever which followed the excessive agitation of that day, it is doubtful whether they would ever have been reconciled.

Meanwhile, money was freely given to pre-

vent so very disagreeable a story from being circulated through the medium of the public press. One county paper alone, which was so obscure as to be overlooked or deemed innocuous, offended at the slight thus shown, printed the case of Bigley *v.* Dupré, with full particulars; but as neither of the parties were known in the world, it was glanced over without interest, and a "horrid and atrocious murder" happening to be reported about the same time, and standing immediately under the Bigley case, it is doubtful whether even the few readers of the —— Gazette, ever made themselves masters of that part of its contents which related to Lionel's affairs.

The circumstance passed away, as all things do in the moving panorama of this world, leaving in Samuel Bigley's heart, that most restless and wretched of feelings, the thirst of unsatisfied revenge; and in that of Lionel, a deep and bitter sense of injury, which his triumph could not efface.

CHAPTER XIII.

> Lo! a new world, peopled with other beings
> Of form and essence different from thine own.
> Observe it well.
>
> *Cain, a Sketch.*

One of the most pleasing anticipations in which Mary had indulged, was that of seeing Clavering and Lionel together. And one of the first bitter disappointments she had to endure, was perceiving that an aversion, growing and increasing as their acquaintance improved

had been conceived by her brother, for the man whose power to please she had never doubted. There was scarcely any point which could come under discussion, in which the utter dissimilarity of their tastes and opinions was not made manifest; and though Mary struggled hard against the conviction, and though she attributed to the influence of Jack Conolly, or Arthur Arlington, all that appeared to *tell* against Lionel, she could not but admit that the faults Mrs. Bolton had formerly attributed to her brother, were every day apparent.

He was violent, vain, and selfish; he had that craving after "fine acquaintances," or rather the acquaintance of people of rank, which is always balanced by a proportionate scorn of fancied inferiors—and an allusion to the profession which Lionel's father had embraced willingly, and carried on with advantage, was the bitterest offence any one could offer him.

Nevertheless, the companions with whom he passed most of his time, were any thing but a credit to the sphere they occupied; and even they, while they rode his horses, borrowed his money, and dined at his expense, pronounced with some scorn, that "to be sure there never was such a conceited fellow as Dupré—and after all, *who was he?*" The "who is he?" is a certain set, is very amusing; *tone* is every thing, and the tone in which that short sentence is frequently spoken, conveys much more of contempt than enquiry: as if it was a disgrace to the man not to be known by them. Now it certainly is not the obscure stranger's "fault," and it may (there are *some* pleasant people, who do not belong to "society,") be *their* misfortune.

One morning William Clavering came, while Lionel and Mary were sitting alone together; they were looking over plans for the improve-

ments carrying on at Moreton Park, in Yorkshire. Lionel greeted Clavering coldly and slightly, spoke a few words, and resumed his inspection of the plans: but Mary was struck by a sadness in her lover's manner, imperceptible to a stranger, but clearly apparent to one who watched his every look.

"You are ill," said she, "or something has vexed you."

"Yes—no, not ill, but a disappointment, and a painful one; I came here to be cheered," added he, smiling sadly; "the fact is, my father promised me long ago, a living he has, for a dear old friend of mine; it is seven years since the promise was made; the living has just become vacant, and my father wrote me the kindest of letters, placing it at my disposal. By the very same post, I have news of the poor old man's death!" and Clavering paused, much affected.

"Oh, Mr. Clavering!" said Mary, as she eagerly clasped her hands.

"What? Don't hesitate; you were going to ask—to tell me something. Perhaps—perhaps you have some one you wish to serve,—if so, can you doubt for a moment, that your wishes shall guide me?"

One brief petitioning sentence, explained the history of Jane Bigley and Mr. Lawrence. Lionel started, and exclaimed with angry vehemence—

"Don't be a fool, Mary.—Do you suppose, after the way those people have treated me—"

"Dear Lionel! it is not a favour done to the Bigleys, but to your old tutor, and even if it were, surely Jane has not offended you!"

"I tell you, I hate the whole set; and as far as I am concerned, I object to your meddling in the matter—it is no affair of yours, but

of mine; and if I think fit to serve Lawrence hereafter, I can do it."

The noble brow of William Clavering, darkened with stern contempt. Lionel saw it, for his angry eye wandered from one to the other of his companions, as he spoke; but Mary's head was bent in mournful reflection. "I think you are wrong, my dearest Lionel," said she at last; "and I believe you will think so too, after a few hours have passed away. It would be cruel not to take this opportunity; consider, they have already waited nearly six years; so, if Mr. Clavering will really be so kind," added she, turning towards him—"

"Give me Mr. Lawrence's direction, and I will write immediately."

Mary stood by him and read his hurried note with intense and heartfelt joy.

"Sir,

"The unexpected death of one whom I hoped to serve, leaves the living of —— at my disposal. At Miss Dupré's request, I beg to offer it to you.

"I am, Sir, &c.

"W. Clavering."

She smiled a thankful happy smile, as taking her hand in both his own, he murmured, "you *have* cheered me; you have given me the pleasure of serving you."

He went, and Lionel set his teeth hard as he muttered, "you and your friend seem to take great pleasure in opposing me." And in his heart he hated Clavering doubly, for the service he had done Jane Bigley, and for the sad and silent displeasure visible in his sister Mary's countenance.

The improvements at Moreton Park were at length completed, and Lionel expressed his

desire that Mary would make arrangements for accompanying him there immediately.

"What will my poor old aunt do without me?" said Mary, with a sigh, as she listened to her brother's impatient directions.

"She will do quite as well as she did before you came; she must expect that you are to keep house for me, now that I have a home to take you to; and I am sure, if I were you, I should be delighted to exchange the moping life you lead here, without ever going out, or amusing yourself, for fresh air and the country."

"I have been very happy here," said Mary, with a sigh; and she thought of Clavering.

"Well, and you shall be very happy there. You shall be your own mistress, and have horses, and books, and flowers, and cheerful company. You've no idea how pretty the place is, and I have ordered that your rooms

shall open into the conservatory, and you will be a princess at Moreton. Won't that please you?" And Lionel kissed away the tear that trembled in her eyes.

Mrs. Bolton was grievously vexed at the loss of her companion, and peevishly resisted all attempts made to soothe and coax her. "At least, I suppose, you will stay a part of the year in London, and you will live with me then?"

"I hate London," roughly responded Lionel, who was excessively displeased at the idea that his arrangements for bringing his own sister to live with him, could not be carried into effect without regret and murmuring. "I hate London, and it is not my intention to come up at all; but," added he, more gently, as he caught the sorrowful and reproving expression of his sister's eye, "Mary shall come to you; and if

at any time you feel equal to so long a journey, she will try and make Moreton as comfortable a home as she has always found Spring Gardens."

"Thank you, thank you," said Mrs. Bolton; more soothed and flattered by Lionel's attempt to gratify her, than by the habitual tenderness of Mary's manner.

The day of parting was fixed, the last adieu spoken, and Mary, who so long lived contentedly as Mrs. Bolton's companion, was whirled away in her brother's new travelling britska, to become the mistress of that brother's house.

"You will write to me, Mary," whispered Clavering, as he handed her down the steps.

"Always, always, dear William!"

She leaned back in the carriage, and murmured to herself, "The day will come when we shall have no separations!"

Clavering had at length spoken.

> "For often in the parting hour,
> Victorious Love asserts his power."

Hope was brightening upon him. A dissolution of Parliament was expected, and he was to stand for Wellingby, and the Chancellor had spoken of him to his father, as of one he wished to serve. The certainty of a sufficient income, earned by his own talents, was in prospect, and all this, and more, he said to Mary the day before she left town.

And the remembrance of his words was sweet to her, as she sat alone in the beautiful room fitted up expressly for her by her brother. The front windows of this apartment opened on the lawn, and a beautiful conservatory afforded her a quiet entrance and exit to the garden, and detached it in some measure from the rest of the house. And this was the more

agreeable to Mary, as she could read, or work, or garden undisturbed, when such of her brother's friends as were least agreeable to her were wandering about the house, dropping in and dropping out, with billiard-cues or hunting-whips in their hands. She soon became acquainted with those "knights of the round ble," so favourably mentioned by Alfred Arlington; did full justice to the kind-hearted, good-humoured, handsome "Sopsy;" marvelled at the recklessness of Tumble-down-Dick (known amongst slighter acquaintances by the name of Sir Richard Sowerby), who evidently trusted to the extraordinary thickness of his skull to preserve his rashly-risked life; inquired into the origin of Lord Alfred Arlington's title of "the Lark;" listened to all the anecdotes of his laziness and late rising, with apparent interest; and laughed, in spite of herself, at Jack Conolly's jests upon "Old Hearty," who he declared was

unable, from his corpulence, to mount or dismount without the assistance of his groom, and was always calling out to those who passed him in a hard day's run, "Pray stop my horse! have the goodness to stop him!—Will nobody stop my horse?"

Mary regretted that this was "the set" Lionel had been thrown into. She knew that many of the individuals who composed it were excellent, honourable, high-minded men; she had not the prejudice, common to her sex, against the manly and spirited amusement of hunting; she did not believe, with Mrs. Coverdale (Old Hearty's wife), that "all fox-hunters are brutes and bears;" and she felt persuaded Lady Sowerby was too bitter, when she denominated Melton "fool's paradise;" but she knew that the balance was on the side of temptation, she dreaded the extravagant habits engendered by this most engrossing of pursuits,

and she connected the phrase "*on the turf*," with a vague sense of insecurity, ruin, and the insufficiency of five thousand a-year to support annually mistaken speculations at Doncaster.

Of all the companions who basked in the sunshine of Lionel's prosperity, Mary saw that Jack Conolly was the most dangerous. And yet somehow, unaccountably, *he* was the person who contrived to appear most intimate with her. He had a way of talking of the rest, as if he and Mary were quiet lookers on; moralising on his own pursuits, and endeavouring to remove prejudices which "he was aware many people entertained against him."

He gave her a long account of his own boyhood, and the pains that had been taken to ensnare him. He described in glowing colours the ruin which had come upon him when

he was only endeavouring to please his new friends; and seemed really to wish that Lionel should be moderate in *his* pursuit of the same pleasures.

The fact is, there never was any one so plausible as Jack Conolly; or any one that could so easily persuade you, that with thoroughly bad principles, he had not "a bad heart." He was lively and amusing in conversation; full of anecdote, and always in spirits. His manner had that happy mixture of frank carelessness, and well-timed flattery, which, while it wins the unsuspicious, does not prevent the shrewdest calculations, on the part of the person by whom it is assumed.

He appeared to love his friends thoroughly, though he could not break through a bad habit he had acquired of "doing" them, on all possible occasions. He was sorry for them when they were "hard up," and was generally

consulted as to the means of relieving them from their embarrassments (a task which he conducted with dexterity and eagerness). He was in parliament, which prevented his being in prison; and had a large acquaintance among opera-dancers, and other *borderers*, who, dividing their time between love and gossip, are sometimes capable of giving much useful information on general topics, and who repeat news *as* news, without any reference to the politics or principles of those with whom they converse.

He bought horses cheap, and sold them advantageously: sang all Moore's Irish Melodies, and a number of other songs less fit for public approbation; and in short, was pronounced by all his friends to be, not only a "good fellow," but a "capital fellow," indeed, a "most excellent fellow."

In person he was prepossessing; had a keen,

bold grey eye; handsome forehead, good teeth, and the neatest of whiskers, with a light, active, and yet sturdy figure; rode the best possible horses, and sat them in the best possible style.

This accomplished Meltonian fell in love with our heroine within five weeks of her arrival at Moreton; and as he was eminently successful in his endeavours to please the fair sex, it gave him great satisfaction to feel sensible that on this occasion he really was in love with the person he made love to; the lack of which interest occasionally makes love-making a bore.

CHAPTER XIV.

I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome.

CORIOLANUS.

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues!

IBID.

MEANWHILE parliament was dissolved. Jack Conolly went to canvass his constituents. William Clavering wrote to announce his intention of starting for Wellingby: and Lionel was solicited to stand for the borough nearest Moreton Park, on the Tory interest.

The first thing necessary to success in an election, is certainly to be popular among the people you intend to vote for you; but the next best thing is, not to be known at all.

A "new man" has offended no one as yet: is sheltered as yet from that knowledge of his habitual pursuits and accidental follies, which is so precious to squib-writers, and so essential to his electioneering opponents. All the mal-contents who disapproved of the conduct of the last member; all the waverers who were staggered by the arguments of the mal-contents; all the lovers of change; all the tradespeople who fancy slight and ingratitude have been shown them by those for whom they exerted themselves at the last election,—gather round *the new man.*

Thanks to Mary, Lionel had the character of being charitable and generous to the poor;

patient in listening to the complaints of his tenantry, and careful to leave nothing entirely to his agent. Little more was known of him, except the fact that he had bought property in the county. When, therefore, that very handsome showy young man, rode into the town on his very handsome showy horse, and proceeded to canvass in the usual spirited manner; kissing the ugliest and fattest of tallow chandler's wives, with the same apparently earnest satisfaction with which the attention was bestowed on the innkeeper's rosy daughter: and patting the little children on their little dishevelled heads, without the smallest reference to the care or combing bestowed upon them by their vote-possessing parents; he was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and rapidly made his way. Not at all to his own surprise, for he was naturally vain: nor to Mary's, for she was vain for him; but very

much to the astonishment of the gentleman who was the opposing candidate, and who, being a sanguine self-satisfied and indolent individual, had never expected to see the tide of success turn in his enemy's favour. He lifted his eyebrows, while his committee declared "it was unaccountable," and thought it was—*exceedingly* unaccountable.

But as in such a stirring scene as an election, a man has little leisure allowed him to wonder at the success of his opponent, measures were adopted to wreck Lionel just as he was entering into port.

Some one of the hundred *ferrets*, who abound in every borough, and are employed at every contested election, discovered that there *was* a story against Lionel Dupré, the story of Rosabel Bigley: and in the very town where, every day, he rode up and down, leaving his beautiful and unmanageable steed

at his constituents' doors; (to be prevented by the groom from kicking and curvetting, when the valued life of a voter was in danger,)—in that very town, the particular ferret, who produced the particular newspaper containing the particular case of "Breach of Promise of Marriage" referred to,—averred that Mr. Bigley's brother-in-law resided.

And now came the "tug of war." Mr. Bigley's brother-in-law (an ironmonger, whose name was Trueman), proved himself any thing but a credit to his name. Originally one of the warmest of Lionel's supporters, he suddenly changed;—panting messengers were seen knocking at his door, more letters than had ever been received in the course of a year (except post-paid *orders*) came in the course of two days, directed to Mr. Trueman—and Lionel found himself in a minority; a circumstance which struck him as being quite as unaccount-

able as his previous success had appeared to his adversary. In vain did Mary go and order a whole kitchen-range, on a new patent principle; with most expensive and useless contrivances for boiling by steam, roasting with pulleys, and baking without any fire in a "self-acting" oven. In vain did she take that particular opportunity of presenting each of the industrious members of her brother's new tenantry with sets of copper and tin utensils, sufficient to last them for life. In vain did the housekeeper choose crimson and black tea-trays, and the butler suddenly discover tin ice pails to be more useful than silver ones, and bronze lamps more convenient than wax candles: and all in vain did Lionel, himself, walk down to pretty Mrs. Heming's (Mr. Trueman's youngest daughter), and buy at her "Universal Hosiery and Haberdashery Warehouse," hunting neckcloths, silk hose, and gloves, without

end; and afterwards sauntering down to Mrs. Prudhoe's (Mr. Trueman's eldest daughter), present her eight little boys and three little girls, with beaver hats and bonnets; in order, as he gaily hinted, that they might be "smart," on the day of the election.

Alas! the order for ironmongery was refused at the Trueman House: the kiss offered to pretty Mrs. Hemings was eluded with a grave and offended curtsey: and Mrs. Prudhoe seemed to have determined that her offspring, like the changeful voters, should be *shabby*, on the day of the election.

It was at this alarming juncture that Mary received the following letter from Jane Bigley (now Mrs. Lawrence), which, however deficient in eloquence, was (like many other ineloquent epistles) welcomed with unbounded joy by the person to whom it was addressed.—

"DEAR MISS DUPRE,

"I write in a hurry, without consulting Lawrence, who is gone to the next village to a sick person, who wants prayers read. I write, because I owe you all *my* happiness, and should be miserable to think you should lose any of *yours*, through the unkindness of any part of our family——"

"This is very unintelligible," thought Mary, and she was on the point of throwing down the letter, to await an hour of greater leisure, when a word caught her eye, which had lately become an object of as great interest as 'Carmilhan' to the avaricious mariner, in the story of that name; a word which was blazoned in enormous blue and gold letters, above the window of a well-known shop; in short, the word *Trueman*. Eagerly she read on:—

"Through the unkindness of any part of our

family;—and I know Mr. Dupré's happiness is yours. Mr. Trueman, who is opposing you, has been (I am *very* sorry to allow it) set against you by my poor father, who cannot forgive all Mr. Dupré said to him about Rosabel. Luckily, Mrs. Hemings wrote to me how matters were going on, thinking to do us a pleasure by mentioning how many votes your brother had lost (which we regret to hear). But Mr. Trueman is not my *stepmother's*, but my *own* dear mother's brother, and loves me as well as he does his own daughters; so I wrote to him directly, and to Mrs. Hemings, and to Mrs. Prudhoe, and said I was sure my father would be sorry afterwards: and told them all you had done for *me*, and begged them not to let Mr. Dupré lose his election; and Rosabel wrote too, feeling, as Lawrence says, that there is a real pleasure in returning good for evil; and being sorry, poor child, for the

trial and all that. She is staying with *me* just now, and is to be married to the gentleman who was employed to defend Mr. Dupré's case, and who is very much in love with her. He, too, has a brother in the borough of A——, a gentleman of independent property; his name is Jennings, and he lives at the place they call Woodley Bank. He has a good deal of influence in the town, and Edward, *our* Mr. Jennings, has written to him to beg him to exert it in Mr. Dupré's favour. What I wish (if I dared advise) is that *you* should go yourself, to all the people, and talk to them. Do not mind mentioning about Rosabel and Mr. Lionel, now that I have written to explain it all; we all know that he is very young, and that he is easily made angry; and when he *is* angry, does not think much about other people's feelings: indeed, I told my uncle Trueman so, and said every thing of that sort I

could, to excuse him. Pray excuse my awkward letter, and all faults. I wish to serve you, and you will forgive if the manner of doing it is not so good as it ought to be. In haste,

"Your's, grateful and obliged,

"JANE LAWRENCE."

Mary flew to her brother's room. "Good news! Lionel; good news! about your election."

"D—n the election," said Lionel, who was poring over an illegible list of names; "it is as good as lost."

"But I have had a letter from Jane Bigley—"

"D—n Jane Bigley!" exclaimed the impatient candidate, as he rose and paced backwards and forwards in the room; "what do *I* care for Jane Bigley? you had better wait and read the letter to Mr. Clavering, when you next meet him."

In spite of this ungracious beginning, Lionel was tolerably thankful when the news *was* read: begged Mary's pardon for his harshness: and requested her to put on her habit and ride over with him to Woodley Bank.

But it is much easier to *do* mischief than to *undo* it. The cunning Norfolk attorney had not contented himself, as the simple Jane supposed, with confiding the story of Lionel and Rosabel, to Mr. Trueman the ironmonger; on the contrary, it formed a sort of postscript in his letter; a fact against the young candidate of which he appeared to be reminded by the long three pages of abuse which had preceded it.

He knew more of the world (of the worst half of it), than to trust to the sympathy of a brother-in-law in his real or supposed wrongs. Self-interest was the main-spring of all his own actions, and to the self-interest of other men he addressed himself when he wished to

produce any effect. He had represented Lionel in the worst colours; as a young man without principle; who kept no faith with any one; paid no debts except debts of honour; ruined himself in horse-racing; and who was capricious enough to be capable of selling Moreton Park at a day's warning (when once his object of getting into Parliament was achieved), and taking himself off to any other part of England or Scotland, to represent the constituency of A——, in the place that best suited him.

And though when Mr. Trueman got his niece's letter (*his* niece, who through Mary Dupré's exertions was actually married to a clergyman; who kept no shop, lived entirely among "gentry," and yet wrote such an affectionate letter to her ironmonger-uncle, and had invited Mrs. Hemings to stay with her!), I say, although Mr. Trueman became a convert, and ranged himself under the blue and white banner of

"Dupré, Church and State," yet the many to whom he had largely discoursed of Lionel's imperfections, were stubborn against being wheeled round again at the word of command.

In short it was a hard contest; and though the kitchen range and other articles were duly sent home; though Mrs. Hemings tied on Lionel's hunting neckcloth with her own pretty white fingers, and only laughed when he suddenly caught her hands and took the kiss he had been previously *curtseyed* out of; though the little Prudhoes did nothing but fling their new hats into the air, and exert their shrill voices in squeaking hurras for "the popular candidate;" yet it must be owned, that it was with a feeling of triumph, not unmingled with surprise, that Mr. Dupré's friends beheld him on the last day's polling, returned by a majority of seventeen.

The gentleman who had lost, (and who elevated his eyebrows more than ever, at "the unparalleled treachery of Trueman,") was drawn through the town in triumph by his faithful minority, waving boughs of laurel, and playing "We're a' noddin," and "The Black Joke," in lieu of "See the conquering hero comes," which it had been their original intention to perform; while the two returned candidates walked home to dinner, *their* band striking up with breathless enthusiasm the above-mentioned celebrated air, familiarly welcome to the ears of every Englishman.

While the ceremony of chairing was going on, Mary, who was standing on the narrow balcony of Mr. Trueman's "first floor," perceived, leaning from a window nearly opposite, and gazing on the crowd below, a face of such exquisite and astonishing beauty, that

on seeing it she involuntarily uttered an exclamation of enquiry.

"It is the new lodger at the apothecary's," calmly replied Mrs. Hemings; "she's thought very pretty; but for my own part I don't admire such fair people." (Mrs. Hemings herself was the brightest of brunettes).

"But who is she?" persisted Mary.

"Her name is Mrs. Reid, and she is widow to a lieutenant in the navy, who was drowned. I hear she frets very much at times; but dear me, she can soon get another husband! Look; that is her baby the maid is holding."

"Poor thing!" said Mary: "a mother and a widow! and she scarcely looks eighteen." And she gazed with strong interest at the apothecary's lodger.

The face she gazed on was indeed very fair; and at this moment no trace of sadness was visible on the chiselled features. A profu-

sion of golden hair hung in long loose curls from beneath the simple cap, tied with a narrow black ribbon. Her cheek was delicately coloured; but her full small mouth was the hue of the richest coral; and the smile which parted those lips was the most beautiful in the world. Hope, joy, love and triumph seemed native to its expression, and as the crowd came nearer, her large blue eyes flashed with the excitement of the moment.

All of a sudden, as Lionel was carried under the window, and just when playfully turning to the baby, she had made it clap its tiny hands in mimicry, the countenance of the young woman changed: she looked surprised, pained, and startled, and withdrew her head from the window.

Mary looked quickly down, as if to discover the cause of this discomfiture, but she only saw the new members carried on the shoulders

of the mob, and her brother looking pale and tired.

She thought he would nod to her as he passed, but he did not; and it was with the hurt feelings of woman's affection (the love which prizes trifles) that she said to herself, as she looked down the street at the receding groupes, "To forget me in the moment of his triumph! Not even to look up and smile!" and she turned her eyes slowly back to the apothecary's window, but the beautiful widow was no longer there; the window was closed, and the room empty.

After the bustle of the day was over, Mary mentioned her admiration of this person to Lionel, and asked if he also had not seen her.

For a moment, Lionel's brow wore an expression,—a peculiar and disagreeable expression,—which Mary had often seen on his coun-

tenance when gazing on others, but never when speaking to *her*. It was a look of dark and fierce scrutiny, and Mary shrank from it.

"I asked who she was," said she, after a pause, "and they told me it was a Mrs. Reid; a young widow, whose husband"—

"I counsel you," said Lionel, with a bitter sneer, "not to ask after every pretty woman you see in a strange town: you might sometimes hear disagreeable answers. I believe," added he, in a more jocular tone, "that our friend Conolly could tell you more about the *widow*, as you call her, than any of the Truemans. There are subjects women should be cautious in speaking about; and I advise you to think no more of Mrs. Reid."

Mary did *not* think much more about her; but the day they left Moreton Park, in the ensuing February, as they drove rapidly along

the road past Woodley Bank, she saw, standing at the door of a very pretty cottage, the identical young widow who had been the apothecary's lodger; and by her side stood a "wee toddling thing," which was evidently the baby that had been made to clap its hands at the election for A——.

"There, Leo! there she is!" exclaimed Miss Dupré.

"Who?"

"That beautiful woman."

"How can you be so foolish, Mary?" said her brother, as flinging himself suddenly back in the carriage, after a rapid glance at the object of her admiration, he wrapped himself round in his fur cloak, with an exclamation at the coldness of that particular February.

There are girls who know every thing, and girls who know nothing; or rather, there are

girls who, hearing light conversation often, grow to think carelessly on particular points; and others, who, left to themselves, and to the principles they have been brought up in, shun even the mention of particular subjects. Mary's was a pure mind, and the great retirement in which she had hitherto lived, had tended to preserve its purity, and to preserve also those broad moral distinctions which are so frittered down, and polished, and filed away in the world, that it is really difficult to tell what *is* thought right or wrong in a certain set, except that it is very wrong to be separated from one's husband. Mary Dupré was the most indulgent of her sex; but to her, a woman being *rather naughty*, or a man being *a little wild*, conveyed no idea at all. She had only the stronger and more unusual expressions to clothe her thoughts, and as she mused that cold February day on this

second vision of the lovely Mrs. Reid, she could not help shuddering at the remembrance of Jack Conolly, as a base, wicked, profligate man, and hoping that God would reclaim him.

END OF VOL. I.

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